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VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1459.

Original Poetry.

FLOWER VERSES.

[Mr. Editor:—I have written several little poems for the Misses of our village school—they are at your service. SOPHIA W. LLOYD.]

THE ROSE.

Roses, roses! let them grow,
Thickly clustering all around;
Other flowers shall have a place,
But the rose shall most abound.
Planted by the gravel walk,
Climbing to the window seat,
Growing close beside the door,
Roses beautiful and sweet.

VIOLET.

There's a lonely little flower,
Found in every lonely bower,
Springing up beneath your feet,
Almost in the very street.
In the grass it hides its head,
Creeps around the border bed,
You may crush its tiny stalk,
In your morn and evening walk.
But you love its eye of blue,
Sparkling in the pearly dew
And its name can scarce forget
'Tis the humble violet.

SNOW-DROP.

Harbinger of early spring,
From the ground awakening,
Ere another flower would dare
Breathe the cold and chilly air,
Thou hast raised thy little head
From its cold and wintry bed,
Like a messenger to say,
Winter stern hath passed away.
And we love thy presence well
Little snow-drop, thou dost tell,
Welcome spring hath come again,
Spreading sweets o'er hill and plain.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Coming with the early June,
Little flower to friendship true,
How we love thy face to see,
All the long warm summer through
Many a brighter flower is found
Growing in the garden ground,
But we will not pass thee by,
With thy bright and starry eye,
Thou shalt have a favorite spot,
Lovely blue Forget-Me-Not.

West Bloomfield, N. Y.

Pictures of Life.

THE DARK CHAMBER.

Not very long ago there dwelt at Brookdale, a sunny spot of Warwickshire, one of the prettiest, merriest maidens, Phoebe Morris by name, that ever danced upon a green sward, or broke the susceptible hearts of a quiet pastoral and agricultural village. The neatest, smartest, handiest dairy maid in the county, she nevertheless created at times such dire confusion, heartburnings, and jealousies amongst the somewhat numerous operatives on the farm, that Farmer Gadsby would frequently throw on to discharge her if she did not leave off playing the mischief with his young men. To all which good-humored objuration Phoebe would demurely reply, "That it was no fault of hers goodness knows, she gave the 'jackanapes' no encouragement, and should be heartily glad to be rid of the whole pack of them!" Nevertheless Farmer Gadsby, a man of peace, though wearing buttons, seldom, pursued the colloquy much further; consoling himself as he walked off with a quiet reflection that had been framed and glazed in his family for several generations, to the effect—I am not able to quote the precise words—That a maiden is a riddle, the true solution of which is seldom discovered till after marriage." Phoebe, moreover, from being an orphan, "who had seen better days"—that indefeasible claim to forbearance and consideration with all unsophisticated people—was a privileged person both with the farmer and his dame; and it was therefore with an little satisfaction, both as regarded the peace of the farmstead, and the comfortable settlement in life of the light-hearted, well-meaning, though somewhat skittish maiden, that the worthy couple observed after a time sympptoms of a serious intimacy growing up between her and William Bayfield, the steady, thriving martier wheelwright of Brookdale. Young Bayfield was quite a catch, as regarded circumstances, for a dairymaid, however smart and well-featured; and innumerable—in a village sense—were the explorations of contempt and wonder indulged in by maids and matrons of the small-farmer and shopkeeper class at the *mésalliance* of a prosperous tradesman with a mere milkmaid. Little reckoned, however, it soon became manifest, the object of these ill-natured structures of the displeasure of his critics; and so spirited and successful was the wooing, that the banns between William Bayfield, bachelor, and Phoebe Morris, spinster, were published within one little month of the day which witnessed the first appearance of the enamored wheelwright in the list of Phoebe's miscellaneous admirers: converting into certainty the apprehensions suggested by the arrival at William Bayfield's dwelling, the very day before, of an eight-day clock, a mahogany chest of drawers, a gilt pier glass, and a carpet—positively a Brussels carpet! The spirit-stood of Brookdale had no patience—how could they have?—with such airs, and indignantly wished it might last, that was all!

Alas, it soon became extremely doubtful whether the modest housekeeping so sharply criticised would ever commence! The rustic incense so long and profusely offered to the pretty Phoebe had not, it may be easily imagined, tended to diminish the stock of vanity with which the merry maiden was naturally endowed. She was unfortunately far too fond of exhibiting the power which she possessed or fancied she did, over her humble admirers. The free affection which she felt towards her affianced husband did not suffice to shield him from her coquettish, irritating arts; and just three days previous to the expected wedding, a violent quarrel between the lovers, threatening to end in a total rupture of the proposed alliance, had taken place. The cause of quarrel will be best understood by the dialogue which took place between them on the following afternoon. Bayfield, who had not slept a wink all night, not been able to settle himself to anything during the morning, had sent a message through kind Dame Gadsby, that he wished to speak to Phoebe, and was waiting for her by the chestnut-tree. Phoebe had herself been in trouble all day, fearful she had carried matters too far; but this message at once reassured her, and she determined, foolish girl, to make no concession whatever to the wounded pride and self-esteem of her lover.

"Well, Mr. Bayfield," said she, approaching him after a purposely protracted delay, "what have you to say to me? I understand you had resolved never to speak to me again!"

"Well, Phoebe, I did say so, and meant it, too, at the time; but you well know I was too much in love to be able to keep my word." Phoebe laughed. "Come now, let us be friends again there's a good girl."

"Oh, I daresay; and so give you leave to show off your jealous airs again with impunity? No indeed!"

"Nay, Phoebe, it was partly, at all events, your own fault. You tried me sadly—but come, let bygones be bygones. As to young Gaythorpe, of course he thinks nothing of you, so that——"

"Don't he too sure of that, Mr. Bayfield," interrupted Phoebe, tossing her head, and pouting her pretty lip. "Edward Gaythorpe has eyes in his head, I suppose, as well as other folk."

"I dare say he has," replied Bayfield, his jealousy reawakening: "and if you prefer him to me, even so let it be: I'll not stand in his way."

Phoebe angrily retorted, and the result was a more vehement quarrel than before; and they at last separated, both avowing a fixed determination never to see or think of each other again. After striding nearly to the end of the long lane in which they had been standing, William Bayfield turned round, half-repentingly, just at the moment, as ill fortune would have it, that Edward Gaythorpe, who had been observing the pair from the covert of the chestnut trees, joined his mistress, and officiously walked by her side as she proceeded homewards. Her soft eyes were suffused with tears, and she replied only by curt monosyllables to the soothing blandishments of the young farmer. Of this poor Bayfield was necessarily unaware: he saw only the ill-timed, suspicious rencontre, and, his heart overflowing with rage and grief, strode fiercely away towards the village. Instead of proceeding to his own dwelling, he entered (a most unusual thing for him to do, especially in the daytime,) the principal tavern of the place, and seating himself in the parlor, called hastily for brandy and water.

It unfortunately happened that Sergeant Crump, a zealous recruiting officer in the service of the Honorable East India Company, and indefatigable trumpeter of the manifold virtues, civil and military, of that distinguished corporation, was, at the moment of Bayfield's entrance, haranguing the two or three persons present upon the brilliant advantages proffered by his lavishly generous employers to all heroic spirits desirous of obtaining fame and fortune, glory and prize-money, where alone these desirable articles could, in the present stagnant state of the world, be with certainty attained—namely, in the delightful dazzling East! The magnificent oratory of the sergeant, hot and glowing as it was, altogether failed of kindling the cold clods he sympathetically addressed, and he would probably have soon ceased his fanning in despair, had not his practised eye discerned in the countenance of the new comer indications of a state of mind extremely favorable to a proper appreciation of recruiting eloquence. He consequently persevered and by the time William Bayfield had poured the third tumbler of brandy and water down his throat—he could hardly be said to drink the liquor—had the satisfaction of perceiving that he was listened to with a sort of moody desperation and half-scornful approval. More liquor was called for, and finally Bayfield, moddened by potations to which he was unaccustomed, acting upon his previously exasperated state of mind, accepted with reckless idiocy the Company's shilling, and was at once enrolled in the sergeant's memorandum book as a full private in one of the East India Company's cavalry regiments! As it was quite out of the question that a man in the position of William Bayfield would, whatever his present frenzy might prompt, think seriously of enlisting, a night's rest, and two or three pounds by way of "smart money," would probably have terminated the affair, when, just as the orgie was at its highest, Edward Gaythorpe entered the room. It required but this to raise the excitement of the new recruit to downright mad pitch. Furious retorts and menaces were quickly exchanged: Bayfield sprang wildly up, seizing at the same time, and drawing, the sergeant's sheathed sword, which lay on the table: Gaythorpe caught hold of the poker, and a desperate struggle ensued. Bayfield received a heavy blow on his left shoulder, and at the same instant thrust his sword through the body of his antagonist. The outcries of the sergeant—the company had departed some time before—quickly brought the landlord and two or three others into the room. Bayfield was first, with much difficulty, secured, and then Gaythorpe was conveyed to bed, and a surgeon sent for. William Bayfield, thoroughly sobered by the tragic issue of the fray, was, a few hours afterwards, escorted by the entire constabulary of the place to the nearest borough town, about six miles distant, and there safely lodged in jail.

Such a catastrophe had not occurred in quiet pastoral Brookdale within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and dire was the tumult and the tossing to and fro of the bewildered mind of that small population. Phoebe Morris was in despair; her silly, coquettish behaviour had, she felt—though he was always suspected it—occasioned all the mischief; and fervent were her vows of future amendment should this peril pass away. After a day or two, the excitement of the good folks began to gradually calm down. Young Gaythorpe's wound was found to be merely a flesh one, the sword having barely grazed his ribs, and consequently not at all dangerous. He was a good natured young man; and though somewhat smitten with Phoebe's pretty face, was not at all disposed, upon calm reflection, to avenge his fancied disappointment upon his rival. His father, too, a rather wealthy yeoman, having, reasonably enough, other and higher views for his son, was very anxious that nothing should occur to prevent Phoebe's union with Bayfield. No wonder, therefore, that under these circumstances a rumor speedily gained ground that the Gaythorpes did not mean to prosecute; and that, moreover, the wounded man had no distinct recollection as to who began the fight—whether he first assailed Bayfield with the poker, or Bayfield him with the sword. It seemed, therefore, more than probable that the at one time ugly-looking affair, would end after all in mere smoke.

There was apparently but one obstacle to this much desired consummation, but that was a formidable one. The sergeant, who in the struggle to disarm Bayfield, had received a slight cut on the cheek, which, in the owner's opinion, somewhat marred its martial comeliness, persisted that the prisoner had committed an entirely unprovoked and intendedly deadly assault upon Edward Gaythorpe, whom he had, moreover, repeatedly menaced with the direst vengeance previous to his entering the room. That evidence, it was felt, would entirely change the complexion of the case, and have the effect, if disposed before a magistrate, of consigning the unhappy wheelwright to prison, there to await his trial on something very like a capital charge at the next assizes.

The bearing of the charge had been adjourned from the following Thursday, to which day Bayfield had been first remanded, till Saturday at ten o'clock, in order to compel the attendance of Edward Gaythorpe, who had declined to obey the mere summons of the magistrate. On the Friday evening, immediately Phoebe Morris arrived at the Falcon Inn, an old fashioned straggling hostelry, in which the obdurate sergeant, accompanied by a newly-cropped recruit, had taken up quarters for that night only, in order to be present in time at the next morning's investigation. Phoebe's purpose was to entay what effect "beauty in tears" might have upon his iron nature. Vainly, however, did beauty, not only in tears, but pretty nearly in fits, plead to the recruiting rhinoceros he was inexorable. "He had," he said, "one duty to perform towards society, which had been outraged, and another," glancing grimly at his plastered cheek reflected in the glass over the mantlepiece, "towards himself, who had been injured, and these two duties he was determined to fulfil."

Phoebe was at her wits' end; and but for some very strong consolation whispered in her ear by the chambermaid of the Falcon, she had assisted at the conference, and felt greatly irritated at the sergeant's flintiness, would probably have gone off into permanent hysterics. As it was, she contented herself with one or two reproachful sobs, and indignantly withdrew from the presence of a monster whom smiles could not soften nor the tenderness of tears softene. "A perfect brute!" said the chambermaid, as soon as she was out of the sergeant's hearing; "but never mind, Miss Phoebe, there's more ways to kill a mad dog besides hanging the coachee!" With which enigmatical illustration Margaret Davies—so was the angry lady named—dismissed the subject, and Phoebe found herself shortly afterwards jogging accordingly, yet hopefully, homewards in Farmer Gadsby's taxed cart, much musing on the possible events of the morrow. Margaret Davies, I should mention, had named Miss Phoebe, as she persisted in calling her, in those "better days" in which I have alluded, and thence doubtless arose her sympathy with the afflicted fair one.

The sergeant had walked a long distance that day, and feeling more than ordinarily tired, regretted, as he unbrassed himself in the double-bedded room he had bespoken for himself and his recruit, that he had not desired Boots to call him. "Never mind," thought he, "I shall be sure to wake by ten o'clock, and that will be quite early enough." So thinking he tumbled into bed, and slept without rocking.

The next morning William Bayfield was brought before a bench of magistrates, and Mr. Gaythorpe, junior, being in attendance, the charge against him was proceeded with; and it was soon apparent that if no other evidence than that of the unwilling prosecutor could be obtained, nothing but a common assault, arising out of chance medley, would be substantiated. The name of Mr. Crump was bawled out with immense emphasis, both inside and outside the hall of justice, by the bustling town-sergeant; but much to the astonishment of those familiar with the precise habits and punctilious attention to orders of that rigid soldier, no Crump answered to the summons. The zealous functionary was directed to proceed to the Falcon in quest of the missing witness; and after about a quarter of an hour's absence, he returned with the tidings that "No 24, Sergeant Crump and another," had left the Falcon at daybreak, and had not been more seen or heard of. This intelligence the town-sergeant had received from the respectable landlady's own lips. The attorney employed to defend Bayfield urged an immediate adjudication upon the evidence already heard as a matter of right; but the magistrates finally determined upon waiting for Crump till four o'clock in the afternoon, the usual hour for closing the office; when, if no additional evidence appeared they would decide the case.

Poor Phoebe's heart sank within her. Still her friend, the chambermaid, had spoken so confidently of all day, that after a minute or two she rallied amazingly, and bestowed such a shower of gracious and encouraging smiles upon the penitent prisoner, as would, if, as those story-telling poets tell us imagination possessed wings, have raised him from the dock up to the seventh heaven. As it was, his mortal part, whatever flights the ethereal sentence indulged in—remained in durance vile, trembingly apprehensive of the arrival of Crump.

And where was that dexterous snapper up of youthful heroism all this anxious while? Alas! him self could scarcely have answered the question.

Sergeant Crump, as I have before mentioned, feeling unusually fatigued, rose soon in a state of the profoundest slumber. Not less intense was the drowsiness of the jolter-headed recruit, who snored in the adjoining truckle-bed, and whose natural heavy-headedness had been considerably increased by copious draughts of malt liquor. Long and severely did they slumber; till at last the sergeant awoke a few preliminary snorts and turns, and jumped hastily up in his bed, impressed with a strong conviction that he had nearly overslept himself, and forthwith began rubbing his eyes. This he did partly from habit, and partly to rub out the darkness which still—fully awake as he deemed himself—seemed strangely to envelope them. "Hollo, odd," growled Sergeant Crump—"it is dark! Well if I couldn't have sworn I had slept twelve hours at least!" Sergeant Crump was quite right; it was dark, one of the darkest nights, especially for summer-time of year, as it then was, either he or any other gentleman had ever experienced. Mr. Crump tried to remember if there was a moon or at what time that luminary went down, or rose up, but could not for the life of him determine his last and present night's experience suggesting such totally different conclusions. "I cannot have been in bed anything like the time I suppose," he soliloquized. "It must be so; but it's very odd." Diggins, the recruit, was snoring away as vigorously as if he had only just begun the exercise, and the sergeant, convinced at last that, contrary to his usual habit, he had awoke before his time, again addressed himself to the duties of sleep. Long experience he managed to doze off again, and had remained in a state of semi-somnolency for perhaps three or four hours, when he again bolted upright in his bed, thoroughly wide awake, and thoroughly bewildered! It was still as dark as before, and a terrible surmise crossed the old man's mind, that possibly the mechanism of the universe had some how got out of order, and that the sun might consequently never again rise upon a benighted world!

The fact was, No. 24, "Soldiers' Room," to which, wilfully misunderstanding the landlady's directions, the sympathizing chambermaid had directed the under-bedlamed sergeant and recruit, and his man, was an inner apartment in a distant part of the rambling old inn, the windows of which, as well of those of the rooms surrounding it, had been closed up, to mitigate the pressure of the window-tax, and was of course nothing more than a large dark closet, in which not even air obtained access only through the chimney. The sole window left was at the top of a wooden partition dividing the sergeant's room from the next, and had in its time done duty as a "borrowed light;" but inasmuch as the adjoining rooms were also hermetically sealed from the glare of day, was now at best but a borrowed "darkness." These rooms were usually reserved for soldiers of marching regiments occasionally billeted on the Falcon, a compelled entertainment, by the way, which is seldom of a very superior character. The reader will now be able to comprehend the cause both of Phoebe Morris's nervous anxiety and of the sergeant's perplexity.

He was indeed perplexed in the extreme. At last, jumping angrily out of bed, he groped his way, after several mishaps in which both feet and shins suffered abominably, to the door, the key of which he remembered to have left in the lock. In his haste to find and grasp it, he struck it unaware, and cut it flew from its shallow, ill-timing receptacle to the floor, and all Mr. Crump's efforts to find it were unavailing. Had he been able to open the door, he would not have been much the better of it, as it merely led into another dark room, the outer key of which, for fear of accidents, provident Margaret Davies had taken care to secure. The sergeant next bethought him of the window: there must be, he argued, a window, and by means of a tentative process round the walls with his cane, he at last managed to discover its whereabout. The outside shutter was, he conjectured, closed; but how to reach it? Recruit Diggins recruit, who by this time had pretty well slept off the effect of his previous evening's potations, he proposed to mount upon that worthy's shoulders. This was agreed to, and with some difficulty accomplished; but the sergeant, even on that lofty eminence, could scarcely reach above the bottom of the narrow casement, and the tantalizing were, he concluded, considerably higher up. In order to obtain the necessary altitude, Diggins drew his truckle-bedstead—a narrow fold-up affair, steady enough when a person was lying on it, but miserably unfit as a base for a man to stand upon, especially with another mounted on his shoulders—close to the wall; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the sergeant at last stood once more upon Diggins's shoulders, and was enabled to grope gingerly over the surface of the casement in search of shutter bolts, of course without success. In his wrathful energy, Crump, for a moment oblivious of the precarious nature of the base upon which he was operating, pushed angrily at the window frame, and at once overset the equilibrium which Diggins had till that moment with so much difficulty maintained. The folding bedstead heeled suddenly over; Diggins caught instinctively at the sergeant's legs; and the sergeant, in his turn, made a desperate snatch at the casement, sending in the effort his hand clean through one of the squares, clearly but painfully demonstrating, to himself at least, the absence of shutters; and then down go the Crump and Diggins with stunning violence, and mutual execrations and discomfiture. Bruised, bleeding, and incredibly savage, the sergeant, having first helped to replace the bedstead of his equally savage companion, once more resigned himself to his pillow, persuaded, in his own despite, that it could not yet be day. Hour after hour they lay waiting for the dawn, the faintest streak of which would have been unspeakably welcome. At last, his patience utterly exhausted, Crump sprang up and kicked and hauled for help with all the power of his feet and lungs, in which exercise he was zealously aided by Diggins, whose appetite had by this time become ravenously sharp. Long and fruitlessly had they raved and thumped, and were just on the point of abandoning their efforts in despair, when a step was heard evidently approaching their dormitory. Presently a light shone through the crevices of the door, and the voice of the chambermaid, Mrs Margaret Davies was heard generously demanding who it was making that disturbance at nearly ten o'clock at night, when quiet folk were just going to bed? "Going to bed!" Crump huddled on his clothes, and having, by the aid of the light, espied the key, opened the door with a bounce. "Going to bed!" he shouted, distractedly, as he glared upon the chambermaid—"going to bed!" No sooner did that amiable damsel catch sight of the haggard features and bloodstained hands and linen of the sergeant, than she plumped down in a chair, and set up a succession of the dismallest shrieks that ever disturbed and dismayed a Christian household. "Murder—fire—thieves—robbers!" resounded through the house with an effect so startling, that in a trice hostess, porters, waiters, with a plentiful sprinkling of female adjuncts, came rushing headlong to the rescue. Nobody either could or would recognize the culprits, spite of their energetic asseverations, till the arrival of the pursy, slow-moving landlady. The screams, which had gradually diminished in intensity, then altogether ceased; and in echo, as it were, of the ejaculation of her mistress, "Sergeant Crump and the recruit, as I live!" Mrs Davies naively exclaimed, "Mercy upon us! Sergeant Crump! Why, so it is! Then you did not go away this morning without paying your last night's score?"

The sergeant who dimly suspected the jade's trick which had been put upon him, only glared frightfully in her face, and muttered, "Margaret, I thought I told you to put Mr. Crump into No. 24?"

"Certainly, ma'am, you did: and I told Suey the same, but it appears she must have understood it to be No. 24, 'Soldiers' Room.'" Dear me, whenever would the blunder have been found out, if not for this dreadful situation for two gentlemen in her gracious Majesty's service to have been in so long!—It's quite shocking to think of, really!"

The suppressed tittering of the other servants—all of them, I suspect, more or less in the secret—here burst into uproarious merriment: the sergeant, almost choking with fury, looked round for some one to vent his ire upon, but finding none, wisely kept it corked for future use.

"And to think, ma'am," continued, Phoebe's friend, "that in consequence of this unceremonious officer's long nap, the scapegrace of a Bayfield should have got off this afternoon with a trumpery fine of five pounds; not more than half the amount of the recollections which the young rascal has forfeited for not being at the hall to give evidence."

"What is that you say, ——woman?" exclaimed Crump, using the most vituperative epithet he could think of on the instantaneous.

"Why, I say," meekly replied Margaret, "that your ten-pound recollections, which you gave the magistrates to appease, is declared forfeited; and that the town-sergeant is below with a warrant for the amount in case you should return to the Falcon this morning."

The exasperation of the sergeant was unbounded. The landlady, thinking probably that mischief might come of it, drove off his tormentors; and he was left to finish his ablutions in peace.

"Oh, Sergeant Crump!" exclaimed Mrs. Margaret, when he returned to the room at the time I suppose, and holding the door ajar in her hand, "if you please, anxious wishes to know if you mean to bespeak a bed for to-night?"

Crump darted towards the door, but the playful damsel was too nimble for him, and the long cortin, intended himself to bespeak a night's sleep, came down with her joyous merriment as she skipped away.

The account given by the chambermaid of the result of the inquiry before the magistrates was quite correct. William Bayfield was fined five pounds, or, in default, to suffer two months imprisonment, with the alternative of forfeiting his recognizances. The fine was at once paid, and the certificate of adjudication of course barred any further proceedings. On the next bench day, Crump having related, amidst shouts of laughter, the trick he had been played, asked to be excused payment of his forfeited recognizances. Under the circumstances, it was, after some demur, agreed to; but he was unable to obtain even "smart money" from Bayfield, he having been, upon the sergeant's own admission, inebriated when he accepted the Company's retainer.

The imminent peril in which her criminal coquetry had involved her affianced husband proved a salutary lesson to Phoebe, who has settled down into one of the discreetest, as well as prettiest and cheerfulest, wives in Warwickshire. Bayfield is now a prosperous man, and has recently purchased at his wife's suggestion, the farm to which the sudden death of the late landlady had thrown into the market, chiefly for the purpose of securing the succession of the business to Margaret Davies, to whose good offices he was on a very critical occasion so largely indebted. Sergeant Crump, disgusted with England, vaunts in his indiscriminate wrath he rashly confounded with its chambermaids, betook himself with all convenient despatch to the gorgeous clime whence glories had so frightfully scorched, and if report speaks true, has discovered a still darker chamber than that of the Falcon beneath the towers of Fallen Moultan.

GEM.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Once from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling on the sea.
And when she saw the wide spread main,
Shame reddened her modesty

"What place in this wide rem have I?
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die
In this immensity!"

But while her self abasing fear
Its lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcomed her,
And pressed her to his breast.

And nourished there the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes—
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise!

A SINGULAR LAKE.

About ten miles to the South East of Saratoga Springs, there is a small lake, well worth the attention of the curious geologist. Around it for a considerable distance, stretches a valley that shows many indications of having once been full of water, but which has been drained by the bursting of its Southern boundary towards the Mohawk River—In the centre, deeply shaded by wood, lies the present lake, not more than a quarter of a mile in width, but three miles in length. The shape is serpentine, and although several small streams empty into it, no outlet has ever been discovered. Very slight changes only are perceptible in the water mark, even at the period of the spring freshes. No soundings have ever been made in it yet, although deep sea lines have been used. The shores are bold and perpendicular as a wall, descending downward to an unknown depth. The mightiest ship that ever floated could touch the shore in any place with safety. Its surface is calm as a mirror, for it is seldom touched by the boisterous wind. The water though seemingly clear, looks black from its great depth and the shadow of the trees on the shore.

It has nothing of the dish shape usually pertaining to lakes, or to seas and oceans. It seems like an immense crevice in the solid crust of the earth's surface, thrown open by a convulsion in nature, as an earthquake, long centuries ago.

When our planet was young it underwent shocks such as would crumble the mountains that now bristle along, and to one of those awful convulsions this curious lake probably owes its origin.

Life in the West.

FROM THE BANGOR MERCURY OF 1849.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF Western Life.

A FAITHFUL PICTURE.

BY A RESIDENT "SUCKER."

The following curious and highly amusing document, was handed to us by a friend, who desired to see it in print. We are informed that the questions were copied verbatim from a printed Circular, signed by Charles Lowell, Esq. at Ellsworth, which was sent by several of the Postmasters in Illinois, in 1839, for the purpose of obtaining information in regard to that country. A copy of this Circular falling, by chance, into the hands of a wag at Jacksonville, he returned it to Mr. Lowell with answers annexed, as given below. Mr. L. being, we presume, well acquainted with the character of the answers, refused to take the document out of the Post Office, and it subsequently passed into other hands. We have been much amused with the replies of the Jacksonville wag. They contain the most admirable burlesque upon Western life that we have ever seen.

ELLSWORTH, Maine, December, 1839.

DEAR SIR:—A number of individuals in this vicinity have been speculating on the West, in 1836—and we have Northern Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin in view, particularly Illinois. Having never been there, and wishing more accurate information respecting the country, its advantages and disadvantages—its present condition and future prospects—and having no personal acquaintance in your country, I take the liberty to address this communication to you, and respectfully request as early and full a reply to the following interrogatories as your knowledge, time, and circumstances will permit.

[Here followed thirty-two long interrogatories.]

[REPLY.]

JACKSONVILLE, Illinois, January, 1840.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter dated Ellsworth, December, 1839, addressed to our worthy Postmaster, has been received, and, as he is otherwise engaged, he has requested me to reply to the interrogatories contained in your letter—which I will endeavor to do to the best of my abilities, and, in so doing, I shall confine myself to this county, as my knowledge of other places referred to in your letter is not extensive enough to give you any positive information respecting them, and I suppose you will receive from persons living in those places, the requisite information. In answer to your first question as to our internal improvements

1. Question. What progress has been made in your internal improvements—what canals, or railroads are now completed, or nearly so—are they progressing; have funds been secured to prosecute them, or will the system be abandoned; what will be the final legislative action on the subject?

Answer. As to our canal, which is the Illinois and Michigan canal, it is in a state of progress, and will be finished at all events, and as this is the only canal we shall ever want in this State, we are determined to have this. The true manner of its construction and the state of money matters connected with it, it is certain that I will [with the aid of Providence and the Lord,] be able to tell in the course of ten years, without costing the State anything, except a full pay ten millions. At that time all internal improvements are railroads, which were to be constructed by the State, and for that purpose we borrowed eleven millions of dollars, and expended about four, and in all probability the works, or most of them, will be abandoned. Although about one-fourth of the whole 1,300 miles is under contract, and it would not cost more to finish them than to pay the contract, yet, with the usual wisdom of legislators, we now think it policy to abandon the improvements. It depends a good deal, however, on the success of the Exploring Expedition sent out by Congress, under the command of Lieut. Wilkes.

2. Q.—What has been done to remove the obstructions to navigation at the several rapids of the Mississippi and Rock Rivers? Do steamboats ply regularly, or occasionally, upon the latter, and if so, of what size, and to what point do they usually ascend? What is the width and depth at Rock-Island?

A.—To question two, I will state that all that has been done to remove the obstructions in the Mississippi River, is that a great deal of money has been spent by the United States to the great profit of the contractors, and for the benefit of the aforesaid Irish, and as for Rock River, it is not, nor can it be a navigable stream for but two or three months in a year, and as for Rockport, I do not know where it is.

3. Q.—What is the present population, business and prospects of Jacksonville? How is Springfield, Naples, Rushville, Beardstown, Lewiston, Macomb, Albany, Decatur, &c. &c.?

A.—To question three, Jacksonville contains about three thousand inhabitants and is getting pretty well, I thank you. Springfield has since the seat of Government was located there, become decidedly immoral; and my opinion is, that it is going to the d—l as fast as possible, being greatly puffed up with pride, and conceited with strangers; however Spearsweed lives here and thinks no doubt operates so as to put on its Babylonish destiny. As to Naples, from all accounts, its inhabitants are all dead or drunk, as no one has been seen from there since the Christmas spree commenced.

Rushville is completely used up since the Legislature refused to let them have a branch of the railroad, and it is thought that it will die a natural death. However, it is doubtful. Beardstown is in the same condition that Naples is. I may here observe, that the inhabitants of river towns are, to a certain extent, amphibious, and it is probable that they are now in a liquid state. Lewiston and Macomb are little, dried-up towns, and not worthy your attention. Albany is like Rock Port, it has just stepped out. I would advise you not to go to Decatur, as I once came near being steamed to death there, and I am also credibly informed that there is nothing to drink in the place.

4. Q.—What is the character of the soil—its value per acre, when held by private individuals generally—produce to the acre—the value of that produce at home and at market? What can good lands generally be purchased for from within 5 miles to 15 or 20 miles from considerable villages? Are opportunities to purchase improved farms frequent? These things, of course, depend upon a variety of circumstances.

A.—Land in this country is all held by private individuals, and can be bought from $3 to $30 per acre. We can grow about 50 bushels of corn, (which is worth 50 to 60 cents,) although 80 bushels are frequently raised, or about ten hogs. We also raise a great deal of beef, the exact quantity in the acre I do not know. Twenty bushels of wheat, sixty of oats, a large quantity of weeds, (quantity not exactly known.) In some places we raise about ten rods of suckers, and on new lands any quantity of frogs and muskrotes. Of the latter articles there is no established price, sale dull, and market somewhat glutted. The soil is black loam, about eighteen inches or two feet deep, and in a wet time the mud is knee deep. Opportunities are frequent to purchase lands or farms, as there is not a man in this country but what would sell his soul, or any thing else that he has, if he could get price enough for it.

5. Q.—Is the climate mild or rugged, sultry and debilitating, or cool and invigorating? Is the country well watered and healthy, or otherwise? How would it compare with Pennsylvania and Virginia in respect to climate and temperature, or with New York and Connecticut?

A.—As to the fifth question, the climate is mild in mild weather; rugged in rugged weather; sultry and debilitating in hot weather, and will not compare with Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or New York, or Connecticut at all, it being entirely a different stripe. In some places it is healthy, and in others, "otherwise."

6. Q.—What constitutes a claim? How is one taken up and secured? Is there no danger of one losing his improvements by another obtaining the patent? Are not considerable villages built upon lands the fee of which is still in the United States? Is or is not a large portion of the lands in Northern Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, still in the hands of the Government, but the best sites for commercial towns probably taken up by speculators? Is not much of the land yet unsurveyed into sections? and if so, are they notwithstanding claimed and occupied? Could one who has a claim enter it at the land office, and pay for it at Government price any time he chooses before public sale? Is there no difficulty in ascertaining and fixing the boundaries of sections between adverse claimants?

A.—We have no claims in this country, except claims on persons who have eloped to Iowa and Texas, which cannot be collected.

7. Q.—What is the social, intellectual and moral condition of society generally, in your country?—Are a love of order, respect for the laws, for the rights of others, education, temperance and morality pretty general, or otherwise? What proportion of the inhabitants are from New England—and what proportion are foreigners? Are they generally temperate and industrious, or intemperate and idle? Are they peaceable or litigious in their feelings and habits? Is there any existing prejudice against any particular profession or class of citizens, and if so, what class? Is a man generally respected according to his intrinsic merits, or for his zeal in the cause of a sect or party?

A.—As to the social, intellectual, the moral and intellectual condition of the people is bad, decidedly bad; being too lazy to work, and too indolent to study, they therefore generally remain in a profound state of ignorance of all things except their own business, and of raising hogs and hightways, which combined, keeps the country filthy at home, so that they are most unsocial beings. They have a great respect for the laws of their country, inasmuch as they are constantly engaged in law, and more especially the successful party in a lawsuit. In this place we have the Illinois College, a Female Seminary, a Lunatic Asylum, a Jail, and one of the Common Schools. There are, it is supposed, drunk here, in the summer, about 10,000 mint julops, besides gin-cocktails, Tom-and-Jerrys, and a great deal of good new whiskey without sugar, and it is a general custom of all the inhabitants to have a spree and get tight on the 4th of July, Christmas, of January, Christmas and New Year's, although the Temperance Societies are in full operation. And were it not that the people will get drunk, they would certainly be sober. A smart sprinkling of the inhabitants are from New England, a heavy sprinkling from the city of Dublin, which elected him its representative to the National Assembly at Frankfort. He was Deputy of the Assembly at the time of his execution, and the news of the melancholy event produced a deep sensation in Saxony, Prussia, France and Italy. On receiving the intelligence of it, the German Assembly unanimously adopted the following resolution:—"The National Assembly, protesting in the face of all Germany, against the arrest and execution of the Deputy, Robert Blum, which took place in defiance of the laws of the Empire, on the 20th of September of this year, will, as the servant of the Empire, take the most energetic measures to bring to justice and to punish those who directly or indirectly have concurred in his execution."

ROBERT BLUM.

No event, perhaps, connected with the siege of Vienna by the imperial forces in the Autumn of 1848, produced greater sensation throughout Germany than the execution of Robert Blum. Blum was a member of the National Assembly at Frankfort, and had been sent to Vienna on a mission with the exact nature of which we are unacquainted. Arrested after the capture of the city, and brought before a Court Martial, he was condemned to be shot—the notice of the sentence of death being communicated to him only two hours before it was carried into effect. He replied calmly that it had been expected, and only asked time to write a few words to his wife. "Hour patiently" says his letter, "the news of my fate, and train up our children so that they will never dishonor their name. I die for liberty."

He was now summoned to the place of execution. An officer approached him with handcuffs and fetters, but he said, "Young man, leave the author of January, Christmas and New Year's, although the Temperance Societies are in full operation. And were it not that the people will get drunk, they would certainly be sober. A smart sprinkling of the inhabitants are from New England, a heavy sprinkling from the city of Dublin, which elected him its representative to the National Assembly at Frankfort. He was Deputy of the Assembly at the time of his execution, and the news of the melancholy event produced a deep sensation in Saxony, Prussia, France and Italy. On receiving the intelligence of it, the German Assembly unanimously adopted the following resolution:—"The National Assembly, protesting in the face of all Germany, against the arrest and execution of the Deputy, Robert Blum, which took place in defiance of the laws of the Empire, on the 20th of September of this year, will, as the servant of the Empire, take the most energetic measures to bring to justice and to punish those who directly or indirectly have concurred in his execution."

Our Portrait Gallery.

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talk. It is a singular fact in the history of this animal, that they are much reduced in size, and are more commonly known in this country by the name of gophers.

27. Q.—What portion of the year is the navigation of your Western rivers severely affected by freezing, and how long and how? Are there any small streams on them which are propelled by sails and oars? Do considerable vessels, such as are common to the Atlantic States, and moved by sails, ever ascend the Mississippi as far as St. Louis?

A.—About twelve months in the year, or at least that is the case with Illinois River, which is by far (see book of 1839,) made navigable as far as Ottawa, though it is not so far navigable by nature. We intend to make it navigable as far as Israel's mills, by law, notwithstanding it is perfectly dry in the summer, and frozen up in the winter; and as a law-loving people, it will no doubt be navigable when the law is made, so far as Kilmarnock, further than that I think it impossible to go. Considerable vessels do much by sales, inasmuch as our largest steamboats are frequently sold at sheriff's sale. There also are many private sales, both of steamboats, keel and flat-boats, and also rafts about St. Louis and lower down.

28. Q.—What mode of travelling in the West would be most convenient and economical, and also afford sufficient time for inquiries and observation to one in making a selection of a location near some of the great water courses, where he could witness the operations of navigation and commerce as at the East? The dubious stagecoaches would not, I presume, admit of time and opportunity. Would a small boat, a single horse wagon, or a saddle horse, be the best? Are the roads good?

A.—As to the twenty-eighth question, the best mode of travelling is "on foot and alone," it being the cheapest, most convenient, and affording ample opportunity to examine the country. I would recommend St. Peter's as a proper place to make inquiry respecting our commerce and navigation, it being the head of navigation, and it being best, I think, always to commence at the beginning, and if that did not satisfy you, you could build a raft and proceed down the river to "Diggins." At St. Peter's there is a deal of commerce carried on between the whiter and red-skins, for heads and whiskey, in exchange for skin and gumbo. You could travel by water in a single horse wagon, or on the lakes or rivers with a jackass or horse, if he could swim well. And if you come by land, by all means come in a boat. The roads are horrible, there being no roads at all, except the one in the hymn book, which leads to death, and that's not travelled any how.

29. Q.—Suppose a genteel family of three or four persons, with baggage weighing from seven hundred to one thousand pounds, well heeled up, intending to settle in the neighborhood of Rock Island, or some of the larger villages on Rock River, should leave Maine and take the lake route, after the Western rivers had got low, by what means, and at what expense of time and money, could they get from Chicago to Milwaukie to their intended region of settlement?

A.—I would advise you by all means not to bog yourself and family up, in the manner proposed, as it might severely affect your health; and as to expense, it would be owing to circumstances. If you had plenty of money, and the landlords knew it, it would cost you a good deal more than if you were poor and had not the money, it would not cost so much, and you would have to do as others do, run, hook, beg and steal.

30. Q.—If you know or think of any other matter that would be interesting to immigrants, please to state in your answers. As it may be natural to inquire, on the perusal of such a letter, "Who is this fellow?" it may not be amiss to state here, that the writer was formerly a merchant, several years an editor, and is now engaged in the profession of law. He has a wife and one daughter, a young woman; and desirous, so far as he is personally concerned in these inquiries, of selecting an *elevated, level, healthy* and thrifty town possessing an extensive view, with a moral, enlightened and liberal community, good taxes, lyceums, schools, &c., where he could practice law, or conduct a paper, or both; but has no wish to participate in party politics. Or where he could unite with his professional business that of a small farm, if necessary.

Do you know a Mrs. Adams? I have no personal acquaintance with her myself, but believe she lives in Jacksonville.

A.—There are many other matters and things which would be interesting to you. There is a great want of wives in this country, inasmuch as no man is satisfied with one, and those who have none at all, are in a condition truly pitiable, and if you can by any possible device relieve us, for mercy's sake do so.

I would also like to state, for the benefit of those interested, that there are many in this country who are broken merchants, ex-editors, lawyers, clergymen, and also runaways of all descriptions, who are too proud and lazy to work, and ashamed to beg, who are compelled to cheat, lie and steal, in order to keep out of the hot regions, and that a large portion of the community are comprised of that honorable class of citizens (which seemed to have entirely escaped your notice,) called Loafers, or which, as St. Paul says of sinners, "I am Chief," though I say it myself. And I am authorized and instructed by the Loafer Club in this place, to say that should you conclude to come here, we will receive you with open arms, and try to fleece you out of every pocketpiece you have in the world in less than twenty-four hours; and most effectually to initiate you into the mystery of living without money and labor. And should you at any time hereafter want any more information about this country, I will most cheerfully give it to you.

You could, I think, find such a place as you desire in the middle of the great prairie, the country being healthy, level and elevated, and possessing as extensive a view as desirable. And it is probable if ever you have any neighbors, they would be moral, &c., and you might open a tavern, which you could conduct to know well and in good order. You might also keep a school and have a Lyceum, in which you could discuss both sides of any subject which might be brought up; and as for practicing law, I have been at it this ten years, that is, I have been used in every court during that time. You would also carry on a farm; so that I think the very place for you is in the very middle of the Grand Prairie.

As respects Mrs. Adams, I am in the same predicament with yourself. I have no personal acquaintance with her; but she probably knows me by reputation; and if you want to know who I am, I refer you to her.

31. Q.—What number of people, who went from Maine, so far as you can judge, do you suppose reside within two hundred miles of Rock Island?

Now, sir, I am fully sensible that it is much easier to ask than to answer queries—that no man has a right to expect minute answers to such a long string of interrogatories, many of which admit of only general and qualified answers, and even such would not be given without considerable reflection and inquiry. But presuming that you are a gentleman, who feels an interest in the prosperity of the State in which you reside, and a disposition to accommodate any one making inquiries of this nature, I trust that you will excuse the liberty here taken, and favor me with an early reply as circumstances will permit. Should your personal engagements be such as to prevent an answer, please hand this letter to some intelligent friend who will perform the service.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

CHARLES LOWELL.

A.—As to question thirty-first, I do not know of but one man from Maine living within two hundred miles of here on Rock River, and he doesn't live there.

And now, my dear sir, I have endeavored to answer your inquiries respecting our happy country, and I hope my efforts have been successful. But if you should want any more information respecting it, I will be most happy to give it to you, if it is in my power. In conclusion, allow me to give you some advice, or at least make a suggestion. Your life would be in less danger fighting Indians in Florida, than in this country, if you were here and asked any more questions as you have in your letter. We have a mortal antipathy to greenhorns, Mormons, Yankees, and men without money; and if you want to know anything more of this country, I would advise you to come and examine it yourself. And I do hope, my dear sir, that you will arrive here in the course of next Summer, and allow me to say to you that we will receive you with open arms, and should you choose some other place for your future home and abiding place, I have no doubt but what the citizens will welcome you in the same manner, and chaw you out of all you have, and that you will not have the fever and ague more than three hundred and sixty-four days out of three hundred and sixty-five, and that so long as your money lasts, you will be of great advantage to the country.

I now wish to ask some few questions of you, which I will thank you to answer as soon as convenient. What would be the probable cost of a tunnel under the Atlantic, from Ellsworth in Beaufort, England, and how long would it take to construct one?

How many pine trees do you think there are in the State of Maine, including the Disputed Territory, and how many feet of lumber would they make, and what would it be worth both at home and abroad?

How many potatoes are there in Maine, more especially in Ellsworth, at this time, and how many do you candidly think there will be five years hence?

I have on hand about five million shaves in the grape-vine system, a new system of gymnastics, and it consists of a new mode of swinging on grape-vines without spitting on the hands, which we would like to dispose of. Can you recommend any one in Ellsworth whom I could make an agent in this matter? The price per share is two fifty dollar dags, or four pogs at $62 each, or the same proportion in coon skins.

Now for do you think it is from Ellsworth to Jacksonville or Rock Island, and how far is it from Jacksonville or Rock Island to Ellsworth?

How far is it from Ellsworth to Bangor and Augusta, and how far is it back again?

Also, how far is it from Ellsworth to the nearest part of the Disputed Territory, on a straight line, and how far on a crooked one?

What is the size and breed of this about Ellsworth? and is it true or not, that the land is so poor that they sometimes starve to death?

What is the average density of the fogs in Maine, and mean speedily in Ellsworth?

Does the sun ever shine off the Banks of Newfoundland? If so, at what season of the year, and what effect does it have?

Is the mackerel and cod fishery profitable, and what is the price per barrel both at Ellsworth and other parts of the world?

What kind of bait do you use, and can it be easily procured, or do you use noses or nets? Is the business profitable, and what part of the coast of the Atlantic do you sincerely think the best place to fish?

How will the question of the Disputed Territory be settled? When will the line be run? How many acres are there in the Disputed Territory, and what is its value?

What is grown opinion of Bonaparte, and of matters and things in general?

How many barrels of pork and molasses are used in Ellsworth in the course of a year, and what is their cost?

What number of numbered ladies do you think there is within two hundred miles of Ellsworth, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two? and what commission would you charge on each to send out one or nine thousand to this country?

Do the ladies in Ellsworth get married or otherwise?

What is the moral, social, and intellectual condition of Bangor, Eastport, Augusta, Bristol and Ellsworth, also of Quebec, Halifax and Portsmouth and the New England States generally?

What is your opinion of the non-export? is it a good or bad one? If it is not, do you think it would be policy for the United States to issue a number of them in order to guard the harbors?

What is the price of pepper? and how much pepper do you candidly think Owl's Head Lighthouse would hold?

What is the price of sea-hassiles in Ellsworth, and what would it cost to get them from Jacksonville to Ellsworth?

What would a pinsyma's worth of gingerbread sell for in Maine, and how much in Ellsworth?

These things of course depend on a variety of circumstances.

And now, Mr. Charles Lowell, let us liquorize.

Varieties.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

The editor of the Day Book, Dr. Bacon, on Thursday week thus chronicles the anniversary of some of his "hair breadth escapes:"—"Ten years ago, on the morning of the 14th day of June, 1839, the editor of the Day Book was travelling on foot, and barefoot, on the hot sands of the 'Desert' in Africa, 'going it' at the rate of about three miles an hour, though sinking more than ankle deep in the sand at almost every step. His 'entire rig' consisted of a shirt with one sleeve torn nearly off, at the elbow, and 'a thin pair of trousers,' essentially changed by a very extensive rent. His head was protected from the rays of the vertical sun by a red woollen cap, the gift of the hospitable Crabco, chief of Half-Beerby. He did not make so rapid progress as he might have done, if his feet had not been cut, burned and almost blistered by a walk of more than thirty miles on the beach from Crabco's Town to Baboo Tree, the day before.—The way he walked when he came to an occasional spot of little pebbles, would have been amusingly amusing if it had not been decidedly distressing.

"On the morning of Wednesday, the 12th of June, he had been compelled to make a hasty leap from the wretched ship Emperor, of New York, into a little boat alongside, in which he was transshoot for twenty-six hours, making a narrow escape from the tremendous breaking surf of the shore and the combining waves of the open ocean.

"He 'would have given something,' (that is to say in a red woollen cap, which was all he had well spare) to have an assurance on that day, that ten years after that particular date, he would be writing a 'notice' of the affair in the office of the New York Day Book, and eating a good dinner at Saltbush's Hotel, instead of swallowing rancid palm oil at King Kosho's town.

"And there was his tried friend and 'companion in tribulation,' Captain R. E. Lawlin, of the wreck' of ship, faring no better—now song and comfortable in his house in Sixteenth Street, none the worse for the shipwreck and the barefoot walk on the burning sand.

"Any reader of the Day Book who can commemorate a more interesting reminiscence of personal adventure 'ten years ago to-day' may have a place for it in the paper if he pleases."

FARMING IN IRELAND.

MR. EDITOR:—I find the following in the last received Mark Lane Express, which will be read with intense interest by your subscribers, exhibiting, as it does, the insurmountable difficulties which have to contend with, who attempt to "cultivate his own estate, and live amongst his neighbors," the cure that has been pointed out as the only one for the frightful state of affairs in that devoted country. It is contained in a letter addressed to Lord John Russell, by Mr. Loader, in the County of Cork, a landlord in fee, cultivating a farm of superior quality, consisting of two hundred and forty acres, exclusive of forty acres of young wood. The land is in the highest state of cultivation, and yet he declares he has not derived one shilling of income from it for the last five, all being swallowed up in the following rates and taxes, viz:

Two County rates	£39 15 10
Poor rates, 27th Nov. '47, 4s. 3d.	52 9
Do. 19th Mar. '49, 4s. 6d.	112 18
Do. 29th Sept. '48, 4s. 3d.	52 17 6
Road rate	8 18 9
Road rate	4 11 7½
Tithes	6
	£268 10 6½

or £1 6 10½ per acre.

It is added, "Owing to the failure of the wheat crop, and the low prices of cattle and every other agricultural commodity, I did not make this rent of my land, and should come out a positive loser. This it will be seen, that it does not require an encumbered estate to turn its owner in Ireland; a fee simple, unencumbered and well cultivated, such as mine, with not a pauper on it, can, under the present laws, effectually do it. To give some idea of the value of property in this union, which now numbers twenty-five thousand individuals getting relief, forty-one cows, the property of a farmer, brought £83, about two pounds a piece, and seven were sold in Newmarket for £5; and these are not isolated cases."

Now what, under Heaven, can be found sufficient to afford relief in such an emergency? All hope for the future must be absolutely *hopeless.*—*Boston Chronicle.*

LOOK TO YOUR SHAW.—Let every one before using any of that material which "sweetens the (tea) cup of life"—let every one, we say, be careful to examine his sugar basin, which is too often a load mine, disguised under the seductive form of a portion of our breakfast equipage. We know that our coffee is adulterated with chicory; we are prepared to swallow in our sugar a spoole or so of sand—before the sand of life has wholly run out—but we do not bargain for filling our veins with lead, introduced into them under the deceptive guise of saccharine. It appears, however, that so common is the practice of using lead in refining sugar, that one of the largest refiners in London attributes to every package of sugar, inside out, a printed label, announcing the absence of lead from his manufacture.

We shudder to think of the quantity of the heavy metal we may have imbibed, and we caution our readers against the avidity of the world in general, when we think how much lead must have been "taken up" into the system, in this age of teadrinkers. Whoever reflects on the amount of lead that must be in circulation in the blood of the people at large, will be horrified to think of the vast amount of this new metallic currency running through all our arteries and our veins, with a constancy which we might almost expect to convert our blood-vessels into leaden pipes, by the quantity of lead that must be continually deposited.—*Punch.*

PARLIAMENTARY CUSTOMS.—Mr. Charles Whitney, who for some time past, in London, has been personating the living orators of America with success, states in a letter to the Tribune, that in theory, the House of Commons contains seven hundred members; in practice debates occur and are carried on, usually, in the presence of fifty or sixty. Most of the bills are drafted, not by members but by clerks hired for that purpose. No popular audience is permitted. No visitor is allowed to have pen or pencil in his hand in Parliament.

GOOD PUNNING.—Bemus went to a fire a few days since, and found the Hose Company playing against the front of the burning building, with such force that the letters on a large sign were becoming illegible.

"Goose place, this, for a joke," said Bemus.

"Well, who's jokin' any?" asked a fireman.

"Why," replied Bemus, "isn't that man *playing upon words?*"—*Bee.*

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—Either there are no angles, or there are an infinity; either supposition makes the quadrature of the circle impracticable; for the proportion of figures cannot be ascertained but by angles.—*Yankee Blade.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND TO ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it doubtless all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the smallest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town to which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

NOTICES.

We have received $2 00 from R. N. Allen, Stewartsville—but what State R. N. A. hails from, is not stated in the letter, neither is there any postmark. We have looked over our books, but cannot determine the State in question. Will R. N. A., of Stewartsville, please furnish the desired information.

This is a very common omission, that of the name of the State, and one which gives us much useless trouble. *Many Postmasters also omit to put any postmark upon their letters, which they are required to do by law.* Will our correspondents please be particular to give the Town, County and State of their residence, for although newspaper publishers are supposed to know "*all about everything,*" they do not yet know quite everything.

We also call attention to a new article in our Prospectus, respecting additions to Clubs. After a Club has been sent to us, other names are frequently forwarded to be added to the Club. In future we shall begin and end such additional subscriptions at the same periods as the main list—sending the back numbers when we have them.—We find that any other plan causes great trouble and confusion.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in this city on the afternoon of the Fourth, in Independence Square, to express the sympathy of the people of Philadelphia with the patriots of Hungary and Rome in their noble struggle for Constitutional Freedom.

There is but one sentiment among the American people on this subject, and it is well that meetings should be held through the length and breadth of the land to give it utterance.

Care should be taken, however, that the speeches which are made, and the resolutions which are passed at such meetings, correctly represent the public opinion of the community—express only those sentiments in which the great mass of the community can unite. And as large meetings called to express sympathy, are no place to discuss resolutions or to object to sentiments put forth by speakers, the preparation of the resolutions to be thus proposed of the resolutions is entrusted should take care that they be such as will meet with general approbation, while the speakers should have the good taste not to take advantage of the large audience assembled, to advocate any peculiar views they may entertain, or vaunt with the opinions of a large proportion of their fellow citizens.

Inattention to considerations of such self-evident propriety and fairness, in times past, has had the effect of causing the public at large to look with suspicion, and even hostility, upon efforts to express national and general feeling. Such meetings are apt to fall into the hands of a particular party or clique, whose aim is to manufacture personal or political capital out of the occasion.

We do not intend that these remarks to apply in their fullness to the Philadelphia Sympathy Meeting of the Fourth; though we have no hesitation in acknowledging that they were suggested by that meeting. There is a strong and universal feeling of sympathy in this community with the struggle to consolidate the Republic of the Romans, and with the people of Europe in general, so far as they are contending for Constitutional Freedom. That feeling, and this only, the meeting in question should have given utterance to; and good taste should have prevented the orators from the expression of any Jacobinical or Socialist opinions with which they knew a large portion of a general audience could not agree. We mean to express no objection to the declaration of such sentiments at a proper time and place; but we do object to having them thrust upon an audience against their consent. Hearers have their rights as well as speakers.

So much for good taste and fairness in all such professed general demonstrations; now for a few words in relation to some of the sentiments avowed at the meeting in question.

We were not present at the beginning of the meeting, and therefore heard none of Judge Kelly's, and only the concluding part of Dr. Elder's speech. The latter was, as usual, very eloquent, and rather transcendental. The Doctor is a Fourierite, and seldom makes a speech without putting a little flavor of Fourierism into it—but it is generally a mere flavor. He eliminates his peculiar principles into vapor, and scatters them in company with all the colors of the rainbow—very evanescent and in the clouds. No one who did not know the Doctor tolerably well, would ever suppose he was indoctrinating Fourierism, on the Homœopathic principle of smelling the cork to cure the effects of a drunken debauch. The Doctor's speeches, in general, are this account. This beautiful mirage of Fourierism is but a small portion of the picture he brings before the hearer. God's own sun-light, rich and warm, is not wanting there—neither is a green and happy earth, with "flowers that never fade," and overspread with the peaceful and prosperous "isolated homesteads" of men.

Dr. Patterson then spoke, and with a large portion of what he said we heartily agree. The portion of what we do not agree with, is this, briefly reported in the "Daily Sun," of this city:

A brief notice was made of the state of parties in France, especially of that called the Red Republicans, which the speaker considered the only true Democratic Republican party in France. He entered into a defence of that party, against the misrepresentations which we hourly hear from the British press. He could see no cause for the horror entertained for it by many well-meaning but exceedingly ill-judging people. In its theory, it is guilty only of asserting the principles of the Declaration of Independence in their naked simplicity. The men who denounce the Republic, denounce this day, and blasphemes the holy ground on which we stand. In its composition, it is guilty merely of containing a minority of poor men—perhaps of the very poorest men. They are the Great Unwashed of France, it may be. They are the men who terrible to relate—were clamorous and disturb people's nerves by letting themselves be seen in the streets, when they ought, decorous, to be at their work. Perhaps, however, it is best that they should thus appear in the streets, as a most eloquent exposition of grievance, and to excite the question, how is it that they come to be denied the means of cleanliness and comfort?

In their intention, it may be that they contain within a radical revolutionary movement, which cannot be peaceful. Well, it has to come—either with violence or without it; for come it must, at any expense. Blood will be shed, perhaps. It is very sorrowful that it should be; but it is passing strange that men who think war a pastime, and can see only a "glorious victory" when men in uniforms of blue and red slaughter one another by thousands, should be horrified because a few lives are lost in a street fight between men in blouses and men in silk. The only material difference between the two cases is, that in the former there is generally no question at all at issue, while in the latter there is always a deep and grave one.

Sentiments similar to the above, but much more violent, were also uttered by another speaker—and a second "reign of terror," with a free use of the guillotine, were spoken of as the proper remedies against the reactionists of France.

Reiterating our opinion as to the impropriety of expressing sentiments at meetings of the character of the one in question, which the great majority of the American people have no sympathy with, we must enter our emphatic protest against this whitewashing of the Red Republicans, and this exaltation of the guillotine into an altar of liberty. And what have to say must not be construed into anything resembling a personal attack upon either of the speakers to whom we have alluded—Dr. Patterson being a gentleman for whose talents and character we have a very high respect.

Dr. Patterson considers the Red Republicans "the only true Democratic Republican party of France." If this be true, then is France substantially ruined. We have wished to judge the Red Republican party with charity; we have deeply sympathized with it in its opposition to the course of France in relation to Rome; but its late attempt to overthrow the regularly constituted authorities of France, we have looked upon as one of the most of the first principles of Republicanism. When the news first came, we comforted ourselves with the belief that no insurrection had been instituted; but it is scarcely possible to credit this in the face of fuller advices—and we believe that most of the speakers at the sympathy meeting, decided that the intention of the Red Republicans was to overthrow the government by force. Now, look at the facts. Louis Napoleon is the regularly elected President of France, chosen by a large majority of the people. The present National Assembly has had recently been elected by universal suffrage. The policy of Louis Napoleon in relation to Rome was brought up before that Assembly, and endorsed by a large majority. The only fair inference is that a majority of the people of France are also in favor of that policy. Under such circumstances, it was the duty of the Red Republicans to submit,—moreover it was their interest so to do. It is impossible to carry on a Republican Government, if the minority resort to arms to obtain the mastery, every time a measure of theirs will not lawfully give them. And suppose the minority succeed in such an attempt—their government is a tyranny, and can only be maintained by blood. If the Red Republicans had succeeded, universal suffrage would have been in fact abolished, and they would have been forced, by the very necessity of the case, to resort to a second "reign of terror." And that second "reign of terror" would as probably have terminated in a second Empire.

And now as to the guillotine. There is reason in the recoil of the human heart from the bloody days of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. Carlyle has attempted to lessen the instinctive horror of mankind for the "Reign of Terror," by comparing its terrors to those of the Lion in the Lobby—in the number lost in various wars. Dr. Patterson, if we understand him rightly, followed in the same track. But the human heart is seldom mistaken in its judgments. It was not the mere loss of life in the "Reign of Terror," which caused the thrill and shudder which pervaded the general heart of man. It was the general insecurity—the universal distrust—the rending of the tie of confidence between neighbor and neighbor, and friend and friend—the unnatural bondage of the heart—the close fastening of the lip—the terrible madness over the actions—the ferociousness—the compelling of young and beautiful girls to drink the blood of those dearest to their souls—but was this creation of a pandemonium, where the atmosphere which every one breathed was an air of hell, which was devoid of faith, of trust, of humanity, of charity—and not the mere destruction of life—which stamped with an eternal blackness the "Reign of Terror."

It appears to us that when a people require a representative government and universal suffrage, the time for peaceful progress has commenced.—We do not deny that it is possible for majorities to so oppress minorities, that the latter are justified in an appeal to arms; but it must be a most grievous and long continued oppression, which has proved itself deaf to every appeal, that will justify the minority in a Republican Government, in fighting the fierce and baleful flame of civil warfare. And because we believe this, we condemn the Red Republicans.

An allusion was made to the fact that the Red Republican party is composed of "very poor men." There is a certain class of philosophers in our midst who appear to imagine that poverty is a blessed thing. They talk as if they thought that men were necessarily wiser and more virtuous in proportion to their indigence; and at the same time declaim against the inequality of condition that prevails, and have no objection to filling their own purses as rapidly as possible. Now we have no hesitation in acknowledging that we believe poverty to be a good. If poverty be not a good thing, the American people are the greatest fools in the world, for almost every man of them is striving continually and with all his might to acquire it. It is not an argument, therefore, to prove that men are either wise or virtuous, to say that they are "very poor;" it is rather the reverse. There are more real liberality and love of freedom in the great middle class of the community, than in any other. The very poor and the very rich are alike apt to be very selfish. The very poor are often ultra democrats for the same reason that the very rich are often ultra aristocrats. No party ever really succeeded which arrayed against itself the holders of property. A party which strives just principles never fails to ultimately gain to its side the great middle classes of the community, and then it succeeds. It is not, therefore, a favorable omen that the Red Republican party is composed, as is alleged, of the "Great Unwashed" of France.

We wish to be understood. We do not contend that "very poor" men are necessarily selfish and unwise, but we do believe a condition of great poverty to be unfavorable to virtue and wisdom. If we did not believe this, we should not labor for national and general feeling. Such meetings are apt to fall into the hands of a particular party or clique, whose aim is to manufacture personal or political capital out of the occasion.

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THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Canada, we have news to the latest hour from Europe. The news is very unimportant, and a condensed view can be given in a comparatively short space.

It was not certain at the departure of the steamer, whether or not the French had succeeded in entering Rome. A few telegraphic reports stated that the city had capitulated, but it was considered doubtful. The latest authentic intelligence represent the French army as preparing for a general assault. The Romans had made sallies, in which they were occasionally successful. The French General earnestly desired to avoid the necessity of a general destruction of the monuments of Rome would bring upon him, and thus labored under a great disadvantage. Even if the French succeed in effecting an entrance into the city, the conflict is by no means necessarily over. Rome is full of barricades of the strongest kind, while the streets are narrow, and the loss of the French must be immense if the people fight with the desperation they have manifested during the siege. Nothing that has occurred in Italy for years, is so honorable to the Italian people as the establishment and desperate defence of the Roman Republic. It proves that there is a precious seed of Freedom still left in Italy.

The London Times of June 23, from its correspondent, dated Civita Vecchia, 16th inst., with the latest news from Rome and the army, up to the evening of the previous day, says: On the 13th, negotiations were again attempted to be opened by Gen. Oudinot, but they failed, in the same manner and upon the same grounds as before. Gen. Oudinot having commanded the city to surrender, which was always regarded as a refusal, he commenced a vigorous attack on the 14th. The batteries played upon the bastions the twenty-four hours immediately preceding, and a breach was effected up to the latest period our intelligence from the camp came to hand. A reinforcement of 6,000 men had come from Leghorn, being landed at Civita Vecchia, on the 14th.

A letter from Rome, dated the 9th, states the resources of defence on the one hand, and those of attack on the other, are being carried on with unremitting zeal in and around that indefatigable city, and the destruction of property rendered necessary in the defense of the Republic. Not only have charming villas and casino in the neighborhood of the city walls or gates been set on fire and blown up during the last few days, but the interior of the town now commences to suffer from the unsparing orders of the military engineers, and the destruction of the magnificent Theatre of Apollo, with the adjacent houses bordering on the Tiber from the Bridge of St. Angelo to the Arcoli Parmesi, are to be sacrificed and demolished, as forming a dangerous point for attacking the fortress of St. Angelo, in case the enemy should succeed in effecting an entry within the city walls. The villas of Quattro Venti and Pandii Doria, near the Porta San Pancrazio, have taught the Romans, by old experience, what a tremendous sacrifice of blood becomes necessary to drive a hostile force out of such suburban strongholds, when once they have gained admittance into them.

It appears now to be established beyond dispute that the design of the Red Republicans in their recent procession in Paris, was not simply a peaceful demonstration, but a revolution. A placard was posted in the streets, signed by Ledru Rollin, Considerant, and other members of the Red Republican or Mountain party, calling the people to arms. The counting-house of Ledru Rollin was searched and found to contain arms and warlike stores of various descriptions. Insurrections also broke out in the same days at Lyons, Rouen and other places, showing a concerted scheme to overturn the established authorities. At Lyons a long and bloody contest took place, in which the authorities were finally successful. The National Assembly has authorized prosecutions against Ledru Rollin, Considerant, Deputies Boichot and Rattier, and seventeen other members of the Mountain. Ledru Rollin has fled, the report of his being arrested proving unfounded. The ground taken by the Ministry and National Assembly in their addresses to the people, is the correct one, that the Red Republicans finding themselves in a minority, sought to overturn by violent means the Government of the majority. The Ministry says:

"Citizens of Paris: A factious minority seeks to oppress the nation, and to make use of universal suffrage. In the name of the Constitution, which they say has been violated, they set at nought all laws and the Constitution itself. The Republic was about to perish from anarchy. The National Assembly and the Government will not allow it."

This insurrection and defeat has proved a great blow to the Red Republicans. It has unmasked them. It has proven their leaders foolish as well as unscrupulous men. At the last dates, tranquillity was completely restored in Paris.

The news from Hungary is confused and uncertain. We have reports of Austrian and Russian victories—reports of Hungarian victories. Gorgey, Dembinski, Count Gergey, are said to have defeated the allied Austrian and Russian forces in a great battle, in which the allies lost 23,000 men. All we can certainly know is that the Hungarian cause stands at least as firmly as ever.

The Roman Guards, it is reported, on their march from St. Petersburg to the South, suddenly halted at the receipt of intelligence that a conspiracy had been discovered; and it is even stated that a party of them returned by forced marches to the capital. The Czar is now on a visit to the head quarters of the Russian army in Gallicia.

The contest in Southern Germany between the republicans and the Prussian troops seems thus far to be decidedly unfavorable to the former—though the news from this quarter is somewhat confused and uncertain. It appears probable that the plan of German Unity proposed by Prussia will finally be adopted. The Archduke John, the Regent, seems almost entirely destitute of any real power for good or evil. He does not recognize the Assembly at Stuttgard, and it does not recognize him.

The insurrection has produced several heroines, who lead or follow some of the Free Corps on occasions. The wife of Struve (who has himself absconded) is Frauleen Zitz, and a Madame Blenker, are mentioned as prominent; the latter in full uniform, with sabre buckled on, and rifle in hand, was the other day in a drawing-room full of company at Edenkoben, and passing before a large mirror stopped, perhaps to survey herself for a moment, when the burst of all present, the rifle went off, luckily without damage to anything but the mirror itself, which was shivered to atoms. We literally live in dangerous times, and it is hard to arrange their singlets with loaded fire-arms in their hands, what is to be expected?

Two of the Irish State Prisoners, Messrs. Martin and O'Doherty, have been conveyed on board a French ship, preparatory to transportation to Australia. As the other prisoners refused to accept the offer of the Government to commute their sentences from death to transportation for ten years, an act of Parliament became necessary to enable the Ministry to carry out its intention without their consent. A bill for this purpose had already passed the Peers and would doubtless pass the Commons without opposition. Time are noble and patriotic men consigned to an ignominious fate, because they either judged wrongly of the true means, to benefit their country, or, judging rightly, overrated the patriotism and determination of the great mass of their fellow citizens.

A late telegraphic despatch announces that Lord Stanley had determined to make a motion, condemnatory of the Canadian Indemnity Bill. Judging by recent votes in Parliament upon this subject, Lord Stanley's motion will amount to nothing. Lord Elgin's course meets with the decided approval of the "mother country."

The commercial news is favorable. Cotton is rather higher, and there is a slight improvement in breadstuffs.

MEXICAN BOMBAST.

The Declaration of Independence of the "seven Northern States of the Sierra Madre of Mexico"—or what purports to be such—is based upon our own Declaration. But the Mexican Revolutionists, while copying the words of our forefathers literally to a great extent, could not be content with the heroic simplicity of their language. The following is the conclusion of the Mexican Declaration:—

We, therefore, the publics of these seven Northern States of the Sierra Madre of Mexico, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, solemnly publish and declare that these United States are free and independent; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the Mexican Government, and that all connection, which has ceased, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved. Consequently, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which free and independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, we do firm reliance on Divine Providence, we, the people, mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

One smooth ore drawn! Our scabbards are thrown away
Now then—death to tyrants!

Matamoras, Mexico, June 16, 1849.

Any one reading the grand flourish at the end of the above, would know it at once to be a genuine Mexican document.

SONORA.

The Mexicans have got up a rival California at Sonora. The productions of Sonora are represented to be gold, silver, cinnabar, pearls, diamonds, emeralds and other precious stones.

Antimonic coal is said to be as plenty in Mexico as in Pennsylvania. Below the Atlantic range of mountains at fifty miles from the coast, the anthracite coal fields are found, and on the Pacific side the bituminous are equally plentiful.

Whenever commerce requires these mines to be worked, they will be accessible from Vera Cruz and Acapulco; and on the Pacific side coal will not be more expensive than it is in New York.

CLAY AND TURNER.

Since our last we have seen the account given by the Shelbyville (Kentucky) News, of the Clay and Turner encounter. It differs somewhat from the account published by us last week, but is not so probable, while it is really equally favorable to Mr. Clay. According to both accounts, Mr. Clay was set upon by three persons of the name of Turner at once. We know not what they call an attack of three on one in Kentucky, but we have a very contemptible opinion of such doings in Pennsylvania.

CALIFORNIA.

Walter Colton, into "*Alnaldo,*" we believe, in California, puts no faith in the rather dampening advices from California by the Clyde, published in our last paper. He says they were "certainly penned "for some sinister or mischievous purpose." Mr. Colton says, in the North American, of this city:

There letters state that Gen. Smith had been formed by a band to take refuge in the mines of Gen. Bennet, and that Gen. Smith, left Monterey, was living on board the flag ship Ohio; but he was there not to escape popular violence, but to quietly and safely become the could not, at the time, procure suitable quarters on shore. These letters also state that the life of Col. Mason was in imminent peril on account of some obnoxious measures which he had adopted, when the truth is, Colonel Mason is now in New York. It must be a long time and pull one stretch from California to our Atlantic board.

There are two classes of persons at San Francisco; one is the permanent citizens, the other is the gold diggers. The citizens have everything at stake, in representing tumult and disorder; the gold diggers have their eyes only on the mines, and are in as much haste as the bridegroom bound to the nuptial altar, or a doctor to his first chamber patient. The gold diggers and no respites for getting up a mob; it cannot supply them with whisky or shorten the distance to the mines; and they have no time to spare for gratify, unless a man can bate what he has never seen, and find it in his nature to salute a stranger by knocking him down and that, too, with golden reasons coming through his dreams.

And there is just as little danger of it where violence is done, as there is on the land. In the mines they have a primitive but very effective method of administering criminal justice. If a man attempts the life of another, or robs him of his gold, he is brought before twelve diggers, who act as judge and jury in the case; if the evidence is clear, the culprit is tied to a tree, and twenty diggers with their rifles in hand, are ranged in a line, and at the word of command, fire at the culprit from a distance of twenty paces. The only question is whether he did what he is accused of having done—if he did it

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1849.

CHOLERA.

Dr. Cartwright, late of Natchez, now of New Orleans, a physician of considerable celebrity, writes as follows respecting the Cholera:

NEW ORLEANS, May 14, 1849.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 27th of April, has just been received. In reply to your inquiries, whether the symptoms of the present cholera agree with those of 1832, I answer, they do. The disease is the same—the same symptoms, and the same variety of symptoms observed in the epidemic of '32 and '33, are found in the present. The symptoms vary in different places, and often in the same family—some have cramps, others not. Most of the cases commence by diarrhoea, and a few by vomiting and diarrhoea at the same time; some rapid in their progress, others slow. In general, there is no feeling of indisposition when the diarrhoea begins.

It is only after the system has been robbed of much of its watery fluids by the diarrhoea, that the sinking sensation commences—just as in loss of blood. The patient is thus bulled into a fatal security because he does not feel sick, and thinks that he has only premonitory symptoms, which may end in cholera or not. The error lies in taking it for granted that the disease has premonitory symptoms, requiring a milder or different treatment from the disease itself.

The disease consists in a *pouring back* of the contents of the absorbent vessels into the alimentary canal, and a filtering of the watery parts of the blood from the extremities of the capillary arteries. Before the diarrhoea manifests itself, the disease has begun. The absorbents or some of them have poured back their contents, furnishing the serous or rice water matter that is thrown out by the diarrhoea. How erroneous then to call the diarrhoea a premonitory symptom, when it is actually a secondary effect of a prior diseased action, of the disease itself.

To cure the cholera *sine qua non* is *quoad*, the pouring back process must be arrested. Astringents, opiates, stimulants, &c., may check it for a while, and nature may re-establish the natural course of the circulation in the absorbents; but there is no security that she will do so, unless the fluids be determined to the skin and the lungs put to work. When we act on the skin by inducing perspiration, we make the absorbents of the alimentary canal, hungry for fluids. A *soaking up* instead of *pouring out* action is established in them. The disease consists in the latter action, and is cured at once by establishing the former. Fluids in the body or out of it cannot run in opposite directions at the same time. Hence a diarrhoea from a retrograde action of the absorbents must stop as a matter of necessity when the natural course of the circulation in the absorbent vessels is restored by inducing perspiration. The perspiration should be supported by diluent drinks, until we have time to bring the liver into play.

The liver is torpid in cholera. When the liver acts the natural course of the abdominal circulation is restored. But until the abdominal circulation through the liver is restored, we must act on the skin. We cannot act on the liver and restore the natural course of the circulation of blood through it, under six or eight hours. The disease often kills in three or four. But we can act on the skin in five minutes, which will answer every purpose, and give us time to act on the liver. How can we act on the skin and actually cure the formidable cholera in no short a time, is the question. I answer that by a stimulating sudorific chelagogue formed upon the basis of the celebrated composition of ancients which the experience of two thousand years has proved to be eminently successful in cold congestive affections—a composition where the pungent aromatics, anti-spasmodics and slow purgatives are brought into happy union.

My composition differs from the ancient preparation in having only one kind of pepper instead of three, one anti-spasmodic, the camphor, instead of many, and one slow purgative, the chalk mercury, or calomel, instead of the drastic vegetable cathartics used by the ancients. It is composed of 50 grains of chalk mercury, (Hydrargyrum cum creta) or English calomel, 20 grains cayenne pepper, 10 grains gum camphor, 15 grains calcined charcoal, and the same quantity gum arabic. The above united constitute a dose for an adult. It is best given in two table spoonfuls of cold water. It should be swallowed at once without stopping to taste it. It generally causes a sweat to break out in the stomach, bowels and extremities, with little sign of hot camomile, sage, balm, or mint-tea or chicken-water. Then when the sweat commences, all that is necessary is to support the sweat by drinking freely of warm tea or chicken water, until the purgative part of the composition has time to empty the gall bladder of its stagnating contents, and to enable the blood to circulate through the liver. The best to assist the above powder in causing sweat, may be applied to the extremities, in the shape of bottles filled with hot water, and to the stomach and bowels, by a jacket or shirt wrung out of scalding water and rolled into a ball as large as a child's head, wrapped in a dry flannel.

As soon as the powder is swallowed, a napkin dipped in cold water, should be stuffed into the mouth, to take out the burning taste and to prevent vomiting. If instead of a sweat, a flushing of the face and heat of the skin be caused by the hot application, the heat should be used to bring the system down to the sweating point, or a free cupping over the stomach. Drinks should be given while the blood is flowing, to prevent the loss of blood from debilitating, which is well to do, if the drinks be absorbed; blood letting, by removing venous plethora, facilitates absorption. A sweat will stop the diarrhoea and vomiting if it can be established. While the diarrhoea goes on, and before perspiration occurs, stimulants may be used freely—none are too strong—fire itself is scarcely too strong, if it could be swallowed. The powders though are generally strong enough. When sweat is once established, stimulants are injurious and are apt to drive the blood to the brain, and cause secondary fever. Warm teas or chicken-water are then the best stimulants; they dilute the blood; they can be taken cold or warm or alternately with ice. But suppose the powders cannot be kept on the stomach, what then? I answer, morphine and camphor water. From half a grain to a grain of sulphate of morphine dissolved in a dessert spoonful of camphor water (the opium camphor of the shops) should be given after every spell of vomiting or every stool, also a little calomel or chalk mercury. Coffee after the morphine, prevents it from affecting the head.

I have been practising medicine in the city of New Orleans, more than four months, and have seen more or less cholera every day. I have not met with a single case, which has not been promptly cured by the above-mentioned means, if taken in hands before the pulse failed. The most of the cases are cured by a single dose. More than one or two dose are seldom necessary. What kills so many people with the cholera, they will not believe they have the disease, until they begin to die. They die from trifling with the diarrhoea, believing it is only a premonitory symptom, and stop it or try to do so by astringent or opiates. Life is supposed by a hair under the "*stopping up*" empirical method. A fearful risk has to be run. But if the skin and liver be made to act, there is little or no risk or danger to be apprehended. Many die from stimulating too much after the sweat begins to flow, and not taking sufficient food to restore the watery part of the blood which has been lost. The word "premonitory" has killed its thousands. The disease has no premonitory symptoms that I have ever discovered. What is called by that name is the disease itself.

The above mentioned powders, and a vial of the morphine and camphor drops, should be kept in every house when the cholera is about, as I take whenever or wherever the first symptoms of the disease shows itself. In cholera "take the medicine first and send for the doctor afterwards."

Respectfully, yours, &c.,

SAML. A. CARTWRIGHT.

FOOTE ON BENTON.

Senator Foote is out on Mr. Benton's recent speech, in the Washington Union. Mr. Foote's opinion of the speech in question is expressed in the following long-winded sentence:—

"It is evidently a long-meditated, laboriously-prepared, and diligently memorized discourse, upon certain national topics of most surpassing interest; and yet do I feel that I can observe of it justly and without the smallest exaggeration, that its form and confined reasonings, its tawdry grandiloquence in some places, its coarse scurrility in others—its awkward and clumsy attempts at a sort of Ciceronic facetiousness—its unmanneriness—its nauseating egotism—and that inferior spirit of malignity which it breathes throughout, and which would have been far better suited to animate the orifice of some 'gothic camera,' *we dare not look from fear*, than to give grace and dignity to aught of human mould and temperament—would be sufficient to extinguish the glory and blast the fame of the most distinguished orator that either ancient or modern times have afforded."

☞ The following is said to be the rates of dinner bill furnished a California pilgrim during a short stay at Rio Janeiro:—Six eggs, $12, one beefsteak, $18; radishes, $6; bread, $12; one bottle wine, $18; sugars, $1 00; coffee, $1; milk for coffee, $2. Total, $59 00.

☞ The St. Louis Reveille says, that the whole number of wagons on the routes across the Plains to California, will make a train 55 miles in length. The same paper estimates the number of men now on their way to California by this route, at 30,000.

DEATHS OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 466—adults 226, and children 106.

A SPICY LETTER.

We recently published a portrait and biography of General Avezzana. The following letter was addressed by the General to the English Lord Hardwicke, during the recent revolutionary movement in Genoa. It comes to the Boston Rambler, through the hands of an American gentleman, lately arrived from Genoa. The manner in which the English commander regarded it, may be inferred from the fact that the "Vengeance" disappeared before the expiration of the time limited, having employed an American steamer to tow her out of port!

Genoa, April 9, 1849.

SIR:—You entered our port with the ship under your command, and bearing the flag of an honorable friend; friendly nation. You were received as a friend; you received the hospitality of the port and city. In the struggle for liberty you have taken part against the people, you have been active in your counsel-for-advice, you have in your person thrown overboard the shot from the battery of the people, you have threatened to fire on said battery, you have hauled your ship into the mole and placed her in a situation for action; in fact, your ship is now ready for fight, with springs on, tompions out, hammocks in the tops, and had the appearance of an enemy, contrary to the wish of the English people. Now, sir, by such conduct you have thrown yourself and ship under your command, without the pale of honor. Circumstances would warrant us to fire on you instantly, but as I wish to take no unfair advantage of your impudence, I hereby inform you that I will grant you until 6 o'clock to consider your course, and if your ship is not then in a peaceful attitude, the batteries of the people will be turned on you, and I will sink your ship at her anchors, a circumstance which will teach your government that when they give the command of their ships to men of rank, they should also be men of sense.

I am your lordship's most obedient servant,

GENERAL JOSEPH AVEZZANA.

To Lord Hardwicke, Commanding Her Britanic Majesty's ship Vengeance.

AFFECTING.

The New York correspondent of the Public Ledger says:

"Among the most affecting and awful cases of Cholera which have come recently under my observation, were these:—Two young ladies, beautiful and accomplished—Mary Louisa and Virginia Star, one nineteen the other twenty-one years of age—were both engaged to be married on Monday last. On the Saturday night previous both went to Hoboken, and there impudently partook of ice cream, strawberries, and other fruits. The hour appointed for the wedding found both of them cold in death, with their bridal garments for a winding-sheet."

Interesting Sketch.

DEATH OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

BY M. P. WILLIS.

The Parisian correspondent of the London Morning Post thus makes the first mention of this unexpected event:—

"We have all been much shocked this afternoon by the sudden death of Lady Blessington. Her lad ship dined yesterday with the Duchess de Grammont, and returned home late in her usual health and spirits. In the course of this morning she felt unwell, and her Hotel—Count D'Orsay's villa—was unhappily verified but too rapidly, as her lady-ship expired in his arms about an hour and a half ago."

We doubt whether a death could have taken place, in private life, in Europe, that would have made a more vivid sensation than this, or have been more sincerely regretted. Indeed, a possessor of more power, in its most attractive shape, could hardly have been named, in life, public or private—for the extent of Lady Blessington's friendships with distinguished men of every station, quality, character, rank and creed, was without a parallel. Her friends were carefully chosen—but, once admitted to her intimacy, they never were neglected and never lessened in their attachment to her. She has a circle of mourners, at this moment, in which there is more genius, more distinction, and more sincere sorrow, than has embalmed a name within the lapse of a century. Noblemen, statesmen, soldiers, church-dignitaries, poets and authors, artists, actors, musicians, bankers,—a galaxy of the best of their different stations and pursuits—have received, with tears at the door of the heart, the first intelligence of her death.

The deceased will have a biographer—no doubt an able and renowned one. Bulwer, who enjoyed her friendship as intimately, perhaps, for the last ten years of her life, as any other man might describe her best, and is not likely to leave, undone, a task so obviously his own. Without hoping to anticipate, at all, the portraiture, by an abler hand, of this remarkable woman, we may venture to send to our readers this first announcement of her death, accompanied with such a sketch of her qualities of mind and heart as our own memory, of the acquaintance we had the privilege of enjoying, enables us easily to draw.

Lady Blessington, as her writings show, was not a woman of genius, in the creative sense of the term. She has originated nothing that would, of itself, have made a mark upon the age she lived in. Her peculiarity lay in the curiously felicitous combination of the best qualities of the two sexes, in her single character as it came from nature.—She had the cool common sense and intrepid unsuspicious-ness of a man, with the quick perception and delicate tact of a woman, which, together, give a man the best social superiority, and she had the tact, the delicacy and the impassioned devotedness which are essentials in the finest companionship of woman. She did not know what fear was,—either of persons or of opinions,—and it was as like herself when she shook her gloved fist in defiance at the mob in Whitehall, on their threatening to break her carriage windows if she drove through, as it was to return to London after her long residence on the continent, and establish herself as the centre of a society from which her own sex were excluded. Under more guarded and fortunate circumstances in early life, she had shone as the "star of the north-ern creation" before taking any decided step, she would probably have been one of those guiding stars of fashion which, in common life, alike peculiar, admirable and irreproachable.

Lady Blessington's finer qualities estimate of what constitutes were due to friendship—her habitual conduct in such relations amounting to a romantic chivalry of devotedness—bound to her, with a naturalness of affection not very common in that class of life, those who formed the circle of her intimacy. She did not wait to be solicited. Her tact and knowledge of the world enabled her to understand, with a truth that sometimes seemed like divination, the position of a friend at the moment—his hopes and difficulties, his wants and capabilities. She had a much larger influence than was generally supposed, with persons in power, who were not of her known acquaintance. Many an important spring of political and social movement was unsuspectedly within her control. She could aid ambition, promote literary distinction, remove difficulties in society which she did not herself frequent, serve artists, harmonise and prevent misunderstandings, and give valuable counsel on almost any subject that could come up in the career of a man, with a skill and a control of resources of which few had any idea. Many a one of her brilliant and unsurpassed dinners had a kindly object which its titled guests little dreamed of, but which was not forgotten for a moment, amid the wit and eloquence that seemed so purposeless and impulsive. On some errand of good will to others, her superb equipage, the most faultless thing of its kind in the world, was almost invariably bound, when gazed after in the streets of London. Princes and noblemen, (who, as well as poets and artists, have since which needs—The dinner from 6 to 6, the last or from $1 to 3.

New York, July 6—Offered, 1,600 head Beef Cattle, 300 Cows and Calves, and 5,000 Sheep and Lambs. Business has been pretty brisk during the week, and prices on the whole are a little higher. We quote sales of good retailing qualities Beeves at from 7c to 8½ per lb. Cows and Calves sold at from $20 to $35 per head. Sheep and Lambs sold at from 4c to 6½c per lb. Cows and Calves at from $20 to $30; Sheep, $3 to $5 each; Lambs, $3 to $5 50—in gold.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 7.

There has been more inactivity in Flour to day, and the demand for the Eastern city trade, and exports, has been limited. Transactions sum up 1,700 bbls. Ohio at $4 87½ for the range. The range is $4 87½ and $4 94 for Ohio in good order, and $4 94 and $5 for Ohio in good order, and $4 94 and $5 for Ohio in good order, and $4 94 and $5

Selected Poetry.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

BY MRS. HOARE.

[Henry the Second, harassed by the continued rebellion of his eldest son Henry, at length went over with an army to France, in order to put down an insurrection which the young Prince had raised among his vassals at Guienne. Bertrand de Born, Lord of Hautefort, was a noble equally celebrated for his poetic talent as a troubadour, and his valor as a warrior. He warmly espoused the cause of young Henry, and accompanied him to the Castle of Mareuil, whither he had retired on hearing of his father's approach. The King encamped at Turenne, and hostilities had already commenced, when a messenger arrived at the English camp, bearing tidings that Prince Henry was dangerously ill, and longed to see his father, and receive his forgiveness before he died. Henry, however, had as often been deceived by his rebellious sons, that he believed this to be a stratagem, and refused to visit the Castle of Mareuil. In a day or two the Prince died, and Bertrand de Born, dreading the King's vengeance, fled to his Castle of Hautefort, and prepared to hold it out against the English. After an obstinate siege, it was at length reduced, and Bertrand was taken and led bound into the presence of Henry. The King was about to pass sentence of death on him, when Bertrand in a few touching words spoke of the love which the dead Prince had ever borne him, and the monarch, bursting into tears, pardoned the Lord of Hautefort, and, for the sake of his son, restored to him all his honors and possessions.]

Why do the island banners gleam, the island knights advance,
Mid strains of warlike minstrelsy, across the plains of France?
The island bow lies camp'd within the walls of old Turenne,
And forth they sally to the fight, who never fight in vain.
The hall was draped with banners, and there a throne was set
For the benighted King of England's line, Henry Plantagenet.
He sate him down in silence, his nobles standing by—
And they that knew him well might mark strange troubles in his eye.
His cold stern lip was quivering, his furrow'd cheek was pale,
His brow was dark with the shade it wore when he issued the fearful tale.
How vengeance muttered, half concealed, was fully wreak'd the whole,
And proud Al'Dechat writhing lay in Canterbury's aisle.
An English Knight came spurring fast, he reach'd near the hall
"Good news!" he cried, "my liege, I bring from Montmirel's rain'd wall.
The strong hold's gone sire better'd down, the citadel in ashes;
Our soldiers forced their bloody way o'er pyramids of slain.
"And there within the Donjon, at bay, and fighting
We seized the traitor Bertrand, and bound him at our will.
Without he waits thy sentence—will it please my liege to see?"
The rebel Lord in life, or shall we bear his head to thee?"
"Bring him to hither," said the King, "I fain would see him now,
Who dared to raise his arm in fight, spurning our Kingly frow?"
They led the sword-cut prisoner in, his stalwart limbs bound tight;
The door they center'd on his head had down'd in golden light.
His fearless eye look'd up, and still an untamed fire was there,
His proud lip curved, yet sent they forth no utterance of prayer;
He bent no knee in reverence, there stood that proud knight,
As proud as when his crimson gleam'd and falchion waved in fight.
Firm and free the words he spoke, and yet they touch'd a strong
That thrill'd the parent-stricken heart of England's mighty King;
A chord whose plaintive tones broke forth erewhile by Jephtha's vow.
"Would God I had died for thee, my son, would I had died for thee!"
"Thou art the monarch, Sire," he said, "of fair and wide domains!
Thy home have smiled the craggy hills, and plough'd the rich plains;
Thy vassals have summon'd to the fight made many a dwelling lone;
Thou hast in vain away the Peasant's child—none then being had thine own!
Thy son whom more than loved'st so well, thy fourth born son live low;
No brother wreath'd beside his couch, no father stretch'd his brow.
I only held him in my arms till death's dark fight was won;
I only heard his last faint words—'Father, forgive thy son!'"
A strange thing is a parent's heart—the words that Bertrand spake
Were strong to move the old man's soul, as breezes stir a lake.
The steel-clad bosom sternly heaved, the cold stone eye was wet,
Of him who never quail'd in fight—Henry Plantagenet.
And soft and memories awoke of the blessed far-off time
When his boy was in his infancy, and he was in his prime.
Could the bold rebel that had turn'd to gall his cup of joy,
Have been indeed the gladsome child, the darling fair boy'hood boy,
That rode his sotto-ired war-horse, that waved the mimic brand,
And kneel'd his father's bearded lip, and clasp'd his mailed hand?
Now, now the loving lips are closed, never to speak
Never to say, "Forgive me, father—shall thy child plead in vain?
And pardon him who serv'd me, better than words can tell;
He sinn'd 'gainst thee, my gracious sire, loving thy son too well?"
Such thoughts pass'd through the Monarch's breast, and gently then he spake:—
"Bertrand de Born, I pardon thee, for my dead Henry's sake.
Take back thy castle—take thy sword, but wield it not against thy King,
Against thy King, who gives thee now thy liberty and life."
He said, and low the Norman Lord bent down his haughty brow
That honor'd the death-stroke might not break was sway'd by kindness now.
They cut the bonds that held his arms, and as he grasp'd his sword,
"Oh, wound," he cried, "my heart is a more sore than the mismed word!
He was a falcon, soaring high on proud but erring wing,
He did not know his father's heart, I did not know my King.
Would he could stand before thee now, and bend a suppliant knee,
And say, 'Kind sire, I render here my life and love to thee!'
But he is gone, and I can bought but offer thee my part,
My sword, my vassals, and within true family of heart.
As I have served thy princely sons, I fain would serve time now,
God grant that merrie England's crown may long rest on thy brow!"

Selected Sketch.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

I am reminded, by a recent article in the Journal, of the single combats which in former times were wont to defile the green turf of my native island. Of course I need not name that island—the two simple ideas of "fighting" and "green" will infallibly suggest to the least logical intellect in Great Britain a compound one representing the locality intended. But although the progress of civilization in my country has, through many painful causes, been much retarded, yet there is some comfort in reflecting that the enormity of dueling may now be classed among the things that "have been, and are not." I will, however, let the amusement of my readers relate the history of an affair of honor which took place in a district of Munster, some sixty or seventy years ago.

Albert, a wild lowlanity, so far as the natural features of the landscape were concerned, yet the vicinity of Barnagloe, or, for the double reason of concealment and euphony, I shall call it, was a tolerably peaceable place, viewed with respect to its inhabitants. Barring the occasional hooing of a tipsy reveller, or cracking of a Sheriff's officer, the country for miles around the village which gave it a name was singularly free from Agrarian outrage. The land was divided into moderately-sized estates, each supporting the hospitable mansion of a country gentleman, with his good-natured wife, and their handsome rollicking progeny. During a long series of years various intermarriages had taken place between the several families, so that, at the time I write of, there was scarcely an individual of note in the country who would not claim cousinship with each and every one of his neighbors.—One gentleman there was, however, who was wholly unconnected with the magnates of the district. He was a Mr. Fooks, a rich old bachelor residing in a very pretty cottage close to the boundary hedge of a large estate which had lain for some time unoccupied. The dwelling of Mr. Fooks stood in the midst of a beautifully cultivated pleasure ground, a wilderness of flowers, whose rich odours mingled with the fragrance of the dewy turf of the lawn was soft and rich, and smiling, as though it lay in the heart of England's sunny Hampshire. A kind man was Mr. Fooks; beloved by the peasants, with whom he never quarrelled, when, in the heat of the chase, fallowing the hounds in full cry after Reynard, they trampled his beloved dahlias. He was beloved by them, I say, notwithstanding his uniform desertion of the dining room after the first magnum of claret had gone its round; a grievous dereliction from the rules of good-fellowship, which I should not have been easily pardoned in any one else; but Mr. Fooks was a privileged man, and, as the ladies were wont to remark, "it was really a comfort to feel sure of having one gentleman steady on his legs in the drawing room, so that one might venture to give him a cup of coffee without the chance of having half of it spilled on one's best satin."

With the young people he was an imperial favorite. No better partner in "Sir Roger de Coverley," or merrier opponent in the game of "Matrimony," could be found in the entire county; while his skill in making "horleys" for the boys, and carving wooden babies for the girls, secured for him a widespread popularity among the rising generation. By common consent he was known in the neighborhood as "Holy Fooks;" and this epithet was bestowed not in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledgment of his singularly blameless and useful life. Perhaps it was also meant to commemorate a peculiarity in his character—he was never known to fight. From the tithe-proctor whom he hospitably entertained and regularly paid—an unprecedented line of conduct, which caused that much endeavoring man to exclaim, "Sure Barnagloe would be a heaven upon earth if every man in it was like Holy Fooks"—down the tithe-peasantry down to the urchins whom he often caught snaring hares or cutting sticks in his wood, he never abused or quarrelled with any one. Yet Holy Fooks was no coward; that the poor widow at the mill could testify, whose fair-haired boy he saved from drowning by jumping into the mill-pond at the imminent risk of his life. And when Tom Maloney's house was burned, who but Holy Fooks could be found to tread the falling floor; and while with one hand clinging to the blackened rafters, with the other to assist in succouring those children, and hand them safely to the outstretched arms of Mr. Fooks, in short, was that, I grieve to say, anomalous character in Ireland—a brave good man who would not fight!

The estate which bounded his bachelor pale, I have said, for some time unoccupied; but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a profound dandified dame Tippernay, who, having made over that fiery locality too hot to hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagloe, and break fresh ground among its quiet inhabitants. Tom Magennis, for such was his name, had not long been settled in his new residence ere he managed to establish several "very pretty quarrels" with his neighbors. He was an unerring shot, seldom failing to kill his man at any number of paces, and was so prone to take offence as the infamous Fighting Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman for accidentally touching him with his whip as they were leaping together a small stream while following the hounds. All attempts at a reconciliation were rejected by the mortal bully; they met; and an hour afterwards a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.

The neighboring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to "Coventry," but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and contrived to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every one wished him away, but who was hardy enough to oblige a friend," said Mr. Fooks; and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised his weapon, and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long, slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder containing mean dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Blighter; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted, turned tail, and gallopped at full speed across the common. After him rode Fooks, thrashing his rattle, and shouting, "Come back, Mr. Magennis! come back! 'tis a shame for you, man, to be afraid of a drawing-room and a child's rattle!"

But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed his defeat and the bloodless triumph of Holy Fooks. The bully had not courage to return to the county and brave the mere item ridicule which awaited him. He disposed of his property and retired to England, where he was compelled to live in peace, as his neighbors soon learned to appreciate him, and declined to indulge his propensity for fighting. Yet the few persons who continued to associate with Mr. Magennis were often puzzled to account for the transport of rage which possessed him whenever the slightest allusion happened to be made in his presence to dried peas, Kerry pumies, or crimson dressing-gowns.

Wit and Humor.

THE SCRATCHED TICKET.

Some years ago, when our readers, as a general rule, were much younger than they are now, there flourished in a neighboring district an active and enthusiastic politician, named Peter, more commonly called—no doubt to distinguish him from the lesser members of the family—Big Peter. He was an important man in his party, and superintended the canvassing and elections with such an unintermitted train of good luck, that his friends maintained the supremacy year after year, to the utter confusion and dismay of the opposition.

To be sure, the said opposition did most wickedly contend that the majorities were as much owing to the supercilious ballots which Peter personally introduced, as to the wide-spread popularity of his political faith. Be that as it may, his own party looked upon his management as being infallible, and freely wagered, when takers could be got, upon the success of their candidates. So much was this so, that when, on an election day, towards the close of the voting, some evil-minded person poked his head out of the window and announced, "One hundred majority for the opposition!" instead of the Big one's friends being at all disconcerted, they threw up their hats triumphantly, and yelled—*It can't be whole Peter's votes!*

The opposition had long since given up the affair as hopeless, unless they could receive the services of some agent equally efficient as Peter himself, by some mysterious contrivance, keep that renowned individual from personally interfering in the next display of the elective franchise. Accordingly, an important election being at hand, they left none that if they could only carry the preparatory choice for officers to conduct it, there would be some hope of retrieving their lost ground; and, in pursuance of that desire, they secured the services of a dapper little man, whose success had been great in a distant locality.

In those days, the preparatory elections for the choice of officers to conduct the more important voting were done by what they called a "scratch vote:" that is, by each voter making a mark with a pen in front of the name of his favorite candidate, on the paper where it was written.

Behold, then, the day for "scratching" arrived. Peter had been indefatigable in his arrangements, and felt assured he could parade many more men than the opposition could, under any circumstances, call together. Therefore, he and his associates were in high feather, and became extremely merry at the expense of the dapper man superintending the operations of the opposition. The sheets were properly prepared, and Peter sat behind one, the dapper little man behind the other, each offering a pen to the voters as they came up, according to the side they wished to support. As they progressed, Peter's opinion of the little man's cuteness diminished materially on noticing that he never complained that many persons were marking Peter's card who had really no vote in the district. The day ended, and with it the voting. Peter summed up his grand total, and, with overwhelming magnificence announced an unusually large vote. The dapper man quietly added up his column, and, with unmistakeable clearness, named a figure *fifty per cent greater*. Peter's party were thunderstruck, and rushed forward impetuously to examine for themselves; but it was too true. Though they well knew that nobody but the voters had touched the paper, yet there stood the imposing array of marks which defeated them. The opposition were duly declared officers of the next election; and in due time, when it was held, they carried the district, so completely was the old party confounded by the unlooked-for proceeding. Great, therefore, was the dapper little man's fame. The Peter faction gazed and wondered, and talked each mysterious one to a child views a dark room. Tempting indirements were offered him to reveal the secret; but he was inexorably silent, even to his own party until, at last, so great grew the excitement and public anxiety, that, go where he would, earnest inquiries followed, with tears in their eyes, beseeching him for pity's sake to tell them how such great, though the day for his departure did, and an immense concourse assembled on the wharf, to make a last pathetic appeal to him. Loudly was it uttered: but still in vain; and the boat was about quitting the wharf, when a hurried movement was made through the crowd, and an individual burst from. He was dressed in very gaudy striped pants, a tight-fitting green coat, a conical-shaped white hat, and carried a large umbrella under his arm. Swinging an immense eye-glass nervously in his fingers, and with an expression of intense anxiety in his countenance, he rushed to the extreme edge of the wharf, and earnestly cried—

"Hope I don't intrude—but now or never—how did you do it?"

The dapper little man was about taking a quiet pinch of snuff, but leaning forward, just as the engineer's bell sounded to go ahead, he whispered, *"Why, Mr. Pry, I used a two-ribbed pen!"*—*Dublin Sunday Dispatch.*

A Dog Story.—Several years ago, while travelling through New England, we stopped at a farm-house for the night. The good old-fashioned farmer gave us a hearty welcome, and after a capital supper, we gathered around the huge fire, and began talking about matters and things in general. Observing a huge dog lying before the fire, at which our host seemed proud, we said, "that is a very fine dog."

"A fine dog" replied the farmer. "I tell you, stranger, there ain't a dog from the State of Louisiana to Maine that can go ahead of him. Why, that dog can do every thing—you mayn't believe it, but he can fish."

We confess that our eyes opened rather widely as we requested a description of the animal's wonderful power.

"Yes," said our host, "he can talk as good as any man, woman, or child livin'. I'll tell you about it. It's about four year, come next Spring, when I was travelin down a foot from Portland. I'd been up a week about some 'truck,' and bein' unable to hire a horse, I had to walk it. I was a leetle afeard of gettin lost, as I was unacquainted with the country. And, sure enough, I did get lost. I was wanderin' about the woods, when I heard a great noise. I thought my time had come, and was gettin down on my knees, when out jumped old 'Bouncer.' He walked right up to me, put his paw on my shoulder, and see he, *'Mourse* get a baby.' I jumped, and he jumped. He skeered, and I skeered arter him, half out of my wits. He led the way straight to home, and there I found that my wife was the mother of a regular tarin' down critter. It's a fact.—*Yankee Blade.*

Remarkable Skill.—We can hardly credit the following story, but it has "appeared in a newspaper," the Louisville Courier, and must, of course, be true; it refers to a man robbed at a late Taylor reception:—

He was so careful of his pocket-book that he put it into his breeches pocket, put his hand in it, and pinned up the pocket; and yet the adroit rogue while the old man was enthusiastically cheering the General, unpinned the pocket, took out his head, abstracted the money, replaced the pocket-book, put the hand back, and pinned the pocket again without discovery.

☞ The lodgings of a dandy were lately robbed of a pair of stays, a smelling bottle (two pair of artificial eye-brows, and a white surtout, in the pocket of which there were three love-letters, written to himself in his own hand-writing.

Wash Gay and his Lawsuit.—Every body about Cleveland knows a notorious loafer by the name of Wash Gay, some one day, who occasionally was called upon to answer at the bar of his country, for his two fine sons of the property of others. A few years ago, "Big Mouth Jackson," a legitimate dealer in horses, although a most arrant jockey, was taking a drove of horses down South, when one day at a place where he stopped to "water," a well-headed, pale-faced, shabby looking fellow came up to the pump, and saluted him with a—

"How d'ye do, *obl* fellow?"

Jackson looked up, but failed to recognize his familiar friend.

"Why, sir, I don't exactly recollect you. Who are you?"

"What! Don't you know me! Don't you know Wash Gay?"

"Oh, he! Are you Wash Gay? Why, you look thin. Been sick, ain't you? There is nothing but that moral on top of your head that looks like Wash Gay. Where have you been?"

"Born! Oh, I've just been down here spiece."

"Down where?"

"Oh, down about Columbus."

"Columbus! Why, what have you been doing there?"

"Why, the fact is," said Wash, running his hand through his "red top," "I—I had a lawsuit in Cleveland about two years ago—and *it went agin me.*"

"Ah, ha!" said Jackson, and gathering up his "string," was off.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A Mean Case.—Some years since, when money was scarce, and almost every thing was done in the way of trade, a man named Jones called into the grocery and dry goods store of one Mr. Brown, and asked for a darning-needle, offering in exchange an egg. After receiving the needle, Jones said:

"Come, sir, ain't you goin' to treat?"

"What, on such a trade as that?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"Certainly—a trade's a trade, let it be big or little."

"Well, what will you take?"

"A glass of wine," said Jones.

The wine was poured out, when the sponge once more said:

"Would it be asking too much to request you to put an egg into this wine? I am very fond of wine and egg."

Appalled by the man's meanness, the storekeeper took the identical egg which he had received for the darning-needle, and handed it to his customer, who, on breaking it into his wine glass, discovered that it contained a double yolk.

"Look here," said the sponge, "don't you think you ought to give me another darning-needle; this, you see, is a *double egg!*"

A Joke for Bookbinders.—A gentleman entered a bookbinder's shop in Dublin, with a valuable work, which he said was to be bound in a superior style.

"In what style will you have it done?" said the bookbinder, "in Russia?"

"In Russia! Certainly not!" was the reply.

"In Morocco, then?" continued the shopkeeper.

"No! neither in Russia nor Morocco!" rejoined the patriot—"if you can't do it here, I'll take it to the bookbinder over the way."

Curiosities.—The New York public having become tired of ordinary novelties, Barnum, of the Museum, offers to "fork over" liberally for the following extraordinary curiosities, viz.

Five families who have lived together in one house, and are agreeable to each other.

A pious Christian, who is in the habit, in his prayers, of calling himself "a great sinner," and will not be offended at being called so by another.

A person who goes about bestowing gifts in the dark.

For the Ladies.

FROM THE SATURDAY VISITER.

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

"Are you going to write to country girls this week?" asks Henry.

"Why, what shall I write about?"

"About harvest! Tell them to be sure and help the boys!" and he wags his head and looks wise. Well, poor fellows, they do want a great deal of aid and comfort in harvest time! It is such hard, warm work to swing a cradle or a scythe; and you ought to do every thing you can to lighten their toil. If you have plenty of help in the house, there is nothing unbecoming or unhealthy in tossing hay, or raking grain, that is if you have a broad rimmed hat or gipsy to keep the sun off, and let the air round your face and neck; but it is terrible to get out in the hot sun with a close sun-bonnet. That does very well for morning or evening, or any time when it is cool, but in hot weather a broad-leafed hat is so nice and cool. It is strange so few of these are worn by women in this country, where the sun is so scorching! They are so much prettier, so much more comfortable than a sun-bonnet, and keep the sun off so much better. The little patches of sun-bonnets worn now, scarce project forward as far as the nose, and are almost useless except to keep the head warm. Now, if you would gather rye-straw just before the grain is ripe, and plait yourself, or get some one to plait you a straw gipsy and wear it in the sun, you would look a hundred times better than in those corded nightcaps, worn as an apology for sun-bonnets! What a feature it would add to our American landscapes, if our women wore gipsy hats, and besides that, it would add to their own health; it cannot be healthful to have a thick bonnet and hot down over one's ears and round the throat in dog-days! It is uncomfortable and unnatural! Do, girls, get straw flats and try them, and you will never be without them again. I would not give my chip hat for a cart-load of sun-bonnets and it distresses me that I dare not wear it in town for fear the little boys would run and ask me my mother. When you get a hat, be sure the leaf is a quarter of a yard broad and thick enough to keep off the sun. They are good to wear about the house, when you are at work running out and in for water, to the oven, spring-house, wood-pile or garden—you have so much of that to do in harvest. Let the young man and his wife, bearing refreshments, come to the harvest field; only, if I were in your place, I would not cook them one bite if they used whiskey. A jug of whiskey never was more out of place than in a harvest field. None of the farmers in our settlement use it, and they have presents after harvest to what it was when they did. It is many years since any was used on our place, and Mr. S. says the harvesting does not cost more than a third of what it did when a barrel of whiskey was considered as indispensable as rakes and scythes. But coffee, coffee! the men must have coffee by the quart. It appears to do them good, and you should make it nice. Be sure your coffee is browned regularly, so that no grains get burned, and it should not be done much darker than cinnamon. It should be kept in a close canister, or else browned fresh every day. Nothing loses its flavor sooner than browned coffee! Your coffee mill should grind very coarsely, breaking the grains into six or eight pieces only. Then you require no egg to settle. It cannot be muddy, for the coffee is not fine enough to mix up. It should either be put on in cold water and let stand until it boils, or put in boiling water, boiled slowly ten minutes, and then set to draw until the coffee sinks; but never let it boil long, for you send the spirit up the chimney, and keep the stale sediment. Coffee made in this way has a finer flavor than if eggs is used, and it requires no more coffee than when it is ground finely. I have ground sand and gravel through the mill when I could not answer it to grind coarse enough; and have often put it into a cloth and beat it on a stone with a hammer or flat iron, rather than have it ground finer so as to require something to collect and settle the particles. Be sure the inside of your coffee-pot is always washed with a cloth, to keep particles of old coffee from adhering to the sides and giving it an old taste. Never set your coffee-pot to boil where the side is exposed to much heat unless it is quite full, for it burns off the side and tastes badly.

Do not cook much fruit or vegetables this harvest. Physicians think them unwholesome this summer. There is so much wasting to be done in harvest time! If you would take a pound of washing soda, half a tea-cup full of spirits of turpentine and as much spirits of wine, with a quart of water and a gallon of soft or two pounds of hard soap—put them on the fire and boil a few moments then put the mixture away for use; and the evening before wash-day put your white clothes into cold water, with enough of the mixture to make suds, and let them stand all night, you would find your clothes very easy to wash. A little of this stuff thrown into the boil, makes them white and clean, and if you rinse well, does not injure the clothes.

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Romance of History.

THE PEASANT'S PRINCE.

Let us transport ourselves for a moment into the imperial palace of Vienna, and become invisible spectators of a very animated scene that took place within its walls about thirty years ago. It was in the Empress's cabinet. Francis of Austria was there, surrounded by his ministers. Every eye was fixed upon two men, who were engaged in an earnest, and almost angry discussion. From the purport of their conversation, it might easily be gathered that they were keenly opposed to each other in the great questions of the day, and that each of them contended for pre-eminence in the council and in the political guidance of Austrian affairs.—One of them was already advanced in years: his scarcely dress could not impart grace to his spare and shrivelled form; and whilst engaged in an obstinate defence of absolute monarchical authority, the icy and impassible expression of his features remained unchanged. The only symptom of emotion he betrayed was a frequent and almost involuntary application of his fingers to a costly gold snuff box, while he was expressing steadily his resolution to destroy, every where within the limits of Austrian dominion, those seeds of liberty which had been scattered by the arms of France upon German soil. The other, young, ardent, generous—representing by his energy, his instincts, his affections, and his principles, as well as by the frank and steady expression of his countenance, and the mingled cordiality and independence of his manner, the newly-awakened aspirations after liberty of the Austrian youth—earnestly strove to win over the Gothic Court into the path of constitutional freedom. The first was the Prince de Metternich; the other was a member of the imperial family, whom we shall name by and by, and who at that time filled the office of Director-General of the Fortifications.

Metternich carried his point, and the Prince immediately quitted Vienna. A few days afterwards were assembled, upon one of the Tyrolean mountains a large body of huntsmen, who were exercising themselves with the crossbow and the cachine. Dismounted guns, leathern game-pouches, shoes decked out with foliage, flowers and ribbons—such were the prizes prepared for the most skillful and intrepid bowmen. Many an aged chamois encouraged the younger ones by reciting their own early exploits. The women and maidens of the district incited their husbands, their brothers, their lovers, by earnest smiles and hearty clapping of their hands.

A strange advance into the arena; his bearing is graceful and noble; he wears the popular costume, and carries a crossbow and a gun. With a sure eye and a steady hand he takes his aim, and carries off most of the prizes. Guns, pouches, sheep, sausages, ribbons—all fall to his lot. He distributes the former among the poorest of the huntsmen, and divides the gayer part of the spoil among the maidens who were present; after which he is borne along as victor by the peasants, and required to tell his name. This name is repeated by the crowd with such joyous and boisterous acclamations, that they re-echo far and wide through the lofty fastnesses of the Tyrol. It was the German Prince, the proscribed rival of Metternich.

His popularity became so great, that the court grew alarmed at it, and banished him to a more distant place of exile. The Prince took refuge in Upper Styria, where for many long years he pursued the same rude and primitive course of life as the mountaineers. He sits and dines with them, spoke their language, sang their songs, killed the chamois at their head, listened to their complaints, and relieved their misery. He taught them to manure their fields, to double their harvests, to improve their flocks, and to sell them at the best markets. He revealed to them the value of many plants and shrubs, which hitherto they had left unnoticed in their woods and meadows. For their sake he made himself practically acquainted with all that concerns a country life, so that he became one of the first botanists and agriculturists in Europe. His scientific discoveries were spoken of in the Academies of Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London; while his unfailing skill as a marksman brought down the chamois at a distance of two hundred feet in the deepest gorges of the Alps. Far above and beyond all other attainments, he gloried in being a huntsman; and he slept upon the snow, wrapped up in his cloak, as soundly as if his were lying beneath a coverlet of down, overhung by the damask draperies of a royal couch. His popularity became still greater in Styria than it had been in the Tyrol; and at last he was regarded as the idol of the whole people throughout Germany. Fortunately for Metternich and the Emperor, he had associated politics, for if he had not overturned the throne, he might easily have overwhelmed both him and his minister at the head of a million of peasants, who would readily have placed themselves under his command, and obeyed his orders, what ever they might have been.

An adventure of a singular kind, which occurred about this time, contributed to make this remarkable man a still fonder object of idolatry to the Styrian race. It was a bright warm morning in the month of August. At the open window of a country posthouse, situated near the base of the mountains, there sat an old man and a young girl, who were talking quietly together. The maiden was a comely daughter of the Alpine valleys, with long brown hair tinged with a golden hue; her large eyes gentle, and yet animated in their expression; her countenance beaming with health and cheerfulness; her dress, though of the best of its kind, better than in those corded nightcaps, worn as an apology for sun-bonnets! What a feature it would add to our American landscapes, if our women wore gipsy hats, and besides that, it would add to their own health; it cannot be healthful to have a thick bonnet and bad down over one's ears and round the throat in dog-days! It is uncomfortable and unnatural! Do, girls, get straw flats and try them, and you will never be without them again. I would not give my chip hat for a cart-load of sun-bonnets and it distresses me that I dare not wear it in town for fear the little boys would run and ask me my mother. When you get a hat, be sure the leaf is a quarter of a yard broad and thick enough to keep off the sun. They are good to wear about the house, when you are at work running out and in for water, to the oven, spring-house, wood-pile or garden—you have so much of that to do in harvest. Let the young man and his wife, bearing refreshments, come to the harvest field; only, if I were in your place, I would not cook them one bite if they used whiskey. A jug of whiskey never was more out of place than in a harvest field. None of the farmers in our settlement use it, and they have presents after harvest to what it was when they did. It is many years since any was used on our place, and Mr. S. says the harvesting does not cost more than a third of what it did when a barrel of whiskey was considered as indispensable as rakes and scythes. But coffee, coffee! the men must have coffee by the quart. It appears to do them good, and you should make it nice. Be sure your coffee is browned regularly, so that no grains get burned, and it should not be done much darker than cinnamon. It should be kept in a close canister, or else browned fresh every day. Nothing loses its flavor sooner than browned coffee! Your coffee mill should grind very coarsely, breaking the grains into six or eight pieces only. Then you require no egg to settle. It cannot be muddy, for the coffee is not fine enough to mix up. It should either be put on in cold water and let stand until it boils, or put in boiling water, boiled slowly ten minutes, and then set to draw until the coffee sinks; but never let it boil long, for you send the spirit up the chimney, and keep the stale sediment. Coffee made in this way has a finer flavor than if eggs is used, and it requires no more coffee than when it is ground finely. I have ground sand and gravel through the mill when I could not answer it to grind coarse enough; and have often put it into a cloth and beat it on a stone with a hammer or flat iron, rather than have it ground finer so as to require something to collect and settle the particles. Be sure the inside of your coffee-pot is always washed with a cloth, to keep particles of old coffee from adhering to the sides and giving it an old taste. Never set your coffee-pot to boil where the side is exposed to much heat unless it is quite full, for it burns off the side and tastes badly.

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Selected Articles.

THE SAILOR PRELATE.

It was in the year 1580 that Sir Francis Drake returned in triumph to his native land, after a successful expedition against the Spaniards in the South Seas. He anchored at Deptford, and Queen Elizabeth honored the brave admiral by dining on board his ship. After the banquet, her majesty conferred the honor of knighthood on her entertainer, and inquired of him whether he wished to name any captain in his fleet as peculiarly distinguished for valor.

"So please your majesty," said Drake, "many there are in every ship who have borne themselves right bravely, as the subjects of their gracious mistress should; but one there is who merits praise above all, for by his steady daring alone three goodly galleons were taken. He stood himself at the grapes until he was wounded, although a finger of his right hand was shot off, and he had received various grievous wounds. His name is William Lyon, commander of the Albion."

"Let him be introduced into our presence," said the Queen; "we love to look on a brave man."

So Francis was summoned, wondering conscious, and after a brief delay Captain Lyon was ushered into the royal presence. He was a good-featured, finely-formed man, with the blunt, frank bearing of a British sailor; in the present instance slightly dashed by a consciousness of his position. Her majesty received him with that kindly manner which she knew so well how to combine with dignity—a species of "king-craft" which seldom fails to secure for sovereigns the warm love of their people. She asked him several questions touching the late expedition, which he answered in a sensible, respectful manner; and the Queen, addressing him, said, "You deserve to rise, Captain Lyon; and we now pledge our royal word that you shall have the first vacancy that offers." She then gave him her hand to kiss, and the gallant seaman retired.

About three months afterwards, as the Queen on a state day was giving audience to her nobles, Captain William Lyon presented himself and craved an interview with her majesty. Good Queen Bess, among whose faults indifference to the wants and wishes of her subjects could not be charged, willingly granted his request, and smiled as she asked him to make known his wishes.

"Please your majesty, I come," he said, "to remind you of your gracious promise. You said I should have the first vacancy that offered; and I have just heard that the See of Cork, in the south of Ireland, is vacant by the demise of the bishop, therefore I hope your majesty will give it me, and fulfil your royal word."

"Gramercy," said the Queen, "this is taking us at our word with a witness! Hum say you, my lord," she continued, turning to the Earl of Essex who stood beside the throne; "would a brave sailor, think you, answer for a bishop in our troublous kingdom of Ireland?"

"If Captain Lyon's clerkly skill, please your majesty, be equal to his valor, he will make a clever, his worth and valor (of which I have heard much) will, I doubt not, render him worthy of your Grace's favor."

"Besides," chimed in the Captain, as undauntedly as though he stood on his own quarterdeck, "her majesty promised me the first vacancy, and God forbid she should be the first of her royal house who was worse than the word of their lips!"

A less absolute sovereign than Elizabeth might probably have been offended at these blunt words, and have dismissed the unlucky speaker with scant ceremony; but she was secure in power, she liked to be taken at her people's hearts, and besides she had the rough old Tudor love for words of truth and deeds of boldness: therefore a right royal burst of laughter proceeded from the throne, echoed by the attendant courtiers; and when the Queen's merriment had subsided, she graciously dismissed Capt. Lyon, with the assurance that his request should meet with due attention. An inquiry into the seaman's qualifications was accordingly instituted, and the result as to his moral character being perfectly satisfactory, and the fact of his having received a tolerable literary education being ascertained, the Queen was graciously pleased to grant his request, and William Lyon was duly consecrated Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross.

Elizabeth said to him on the occasion, "I trust, Master Lyon, you will take as good care of the church as you have done of the state;" and indeed, contrary to all reasonable expectation, he did make a most excellent prelate—carefully extending his patronage to the most exemplary men and laboring with unwearied zeal to promote the interests of the diocese. He built the present Episcopal palace, situated near the cathedral; and over the mantelpiece in the dining-room hangs his portrait, very finely painted. He is represented in his naval uniform, and his right hand is minus the fourth finger.

Bishop Lyon enjoyed his elevation for twenty five years, with reputation to himself and benefit to his diocese. He never attempted to preach but once—on the occasion of the Queen's death. When that melancholy event occurred, he thought it his duty to pay the last honors to his royal mistress, and accordingly ascended the pulpit in Christ-Church, in the city of Cork. After giving a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the Queen, he concluded in the following characteristic manner:—"Let those who feel that they deplore with me on the melancholy occasion; but if there be any that hear me (as perhaps there may be) who have secretly longed for this event, they have now got their wish, and the devil do them good with it!"

The remains of Bishop Lyon have recently been discovered by some workmen employed in repairing the palace. In a corner of the house are the ruins of what was once the chapel, and when some stones and earth were removed, a tombstone was discovered, with an inscription in old English raised characters, stating that the tomb was erected for "William Lyon, an English man born, Bishop of Corke, Clon, and Ross, in the happie raigne of Queene Elizabet, defender of the ancient apostolike faithe."

THE CHRISTIAN GALAXY.

Daniel's wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine meaning find,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal,
Ruth like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James's faith by works reveal,
Like young Timothy, may I
Every useful position fly.

Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know,
Samuel's call, oh! may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share,
Lost Manasseh's backward foot,
All my numbers soul inspire.

Nine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant manliest core,
Joseph's purity impure,
Isaac's meditating heart,
Abraham's friendship let me power,
Perfect to the God I love.

Most of all may I pursue,
The complete Jesus drew,
By my life and conduct show
How He lived and walked below;
Day by day through grace renewed,
Imitate my dearest Lord.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,
Then, and then only, we
Have attained sports reign,
There may we all meet again.

ARCHITECTURE.

A writer in the Newark Advertiser argues strongly the cultivation of a correct taste in architecture, and loudly inveighs against some of the "bar